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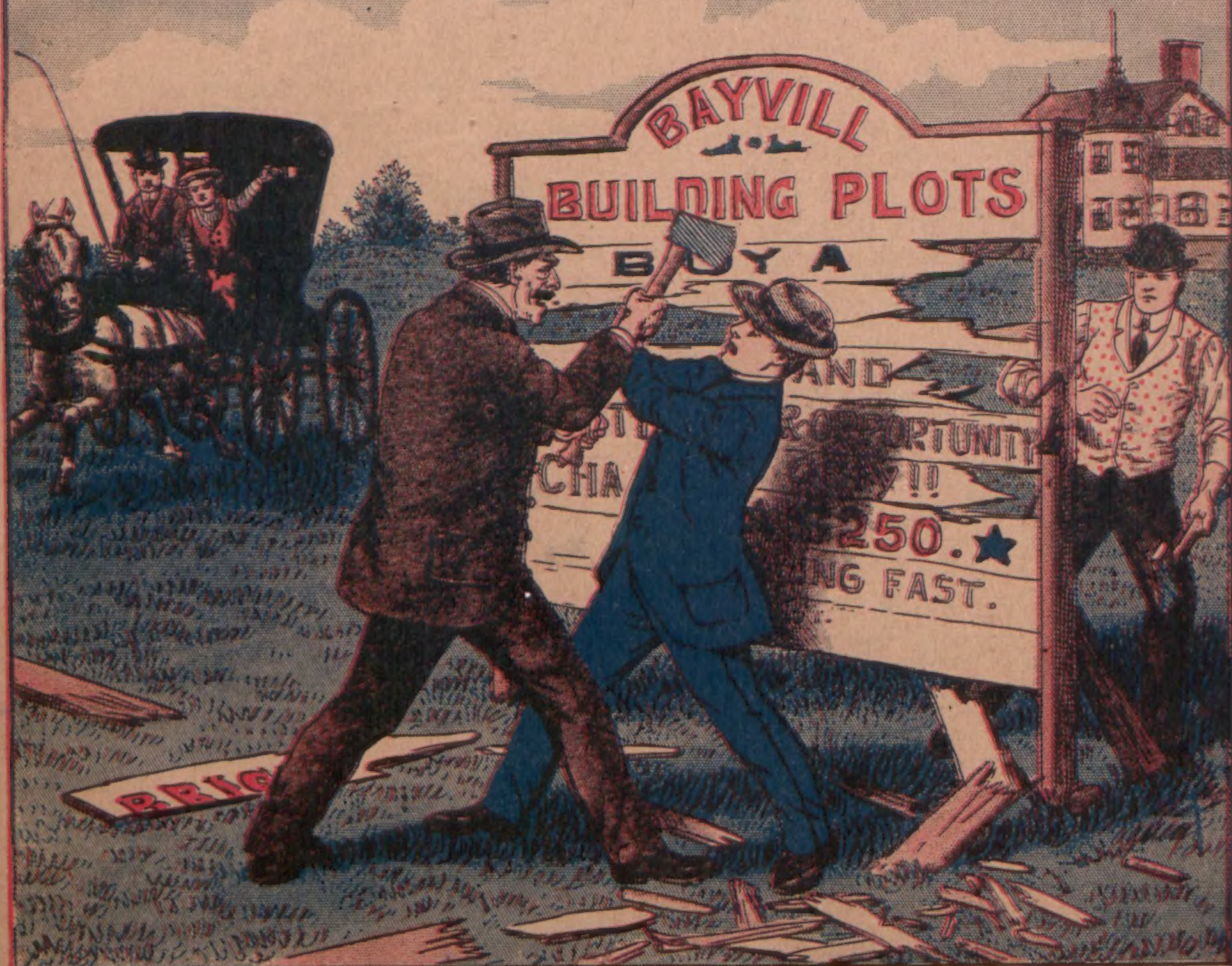
FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

FROM FARM TO FORTUNE; OR, THE BOY WHO MADE MONEY IN LAND.

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

AND OTHER STORIES



"Let go that axe!" snarled Bagley. "No, I won't," replied Reuben, stoutly. "You've no right to chop that sign down." "Shut up, or I'll knock your block off." At that moment Will Temple and his sister drove up in a buggy

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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NEW YORK, JUNE 14, 1918.

Price 6 Cents.

FROM FARM TO FORTUNE

—OR—

THE BOY WHO MADE MONEY IN LAND

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES REUBEN HARE.

"Bound for town, Reuben?" asked Bob Horton, reining in his sorrel mare and farm wagon beside a bright-looking, well-built boy of eighteen years.

"Surest thing you know, Bob," replied Reuben Hare, coming to a stop on the dusty county road.

"So am I. Jump in and I'll take you there."

"Thanks, I'll accept your offer," and Reuben sprang up beside Horton.

"How comes it that you're hoofing it to Bayvill when you've got a good rig of your own?" asked Bob, starting his horse ahead.

"I loaned my mare to Dan Crosby. He wanted to go to town to fetch a load of groceries and other stuff."

"Dan has a horse of his own."

"I know he has; but his nag went lame this morning and he can't take her out."

"Oh, that's it?"

"Yes. I didn't expect to visit town for a day or two. It happened, however, that the mail carrier left a letter about noon from Will Temple, my lawyer, asking me to call at his office at once."

"I thought your legal business had all been adjusted?"

"Well, it ought to be all right, only you see it isn't."

"What's wrong about it?"

"The deed to my property is missing."

"Missing!"

"Yes."

"But Will Temple, whom you had appointed your guardian when you invested your legacy in that farm, must have had it recorded right away. So it wouldn't make a whole lot of difference if it was mislaid. He could get a certified copy from the county register's office any time he wanted it on payment of a small fee."

"I know that, but the fact of the matter is, the deed was lost or stolen before it reached the register's office, consequently——"

"Gee! That's a serious matter. But I suppose old Caleb Potter, from whom you bought the land, will give you another deed if you stand the expense of having it drawn up. He probably has his old deed about his house."

"Will Temple arranged to call on him yesterday for that purpose. Judging from the tone of his letter, I'm afraid there's a hitch."

"A hitch! The old sinner sold you the land all right, didn't he?"

"He did."

"And you paid him the cash for it?"

"There isn't any doubt about that. It took nearly all the money my uncle left me to pay for it."

"Where did you pay him?"

"At the office of his lawyer."

"Will Temple was present at the time, wasn't he?"

"Unfortunately he was not. He was called away on business and he sent his office assistant with me."

"Well, the office assistant will swear that he saw you pay over the money."

"But we don't know where he is."

"Is he missing, too?"

"He is. Ever since the day I bought the farm. He had instructions from Will to take the deed to the register's office and have it recorded."

"And he didn't do it."

"He did not. Next morning Will got a letter from him saying he had lost the deed and was afraid to come back."

"Then he hasn't turned up since?"

"He has not."

Bob whistled.

"Well, Caleb Potter's lawyer saw you pass the money over, didn't he?"

"No, but his red-headed clerk did. The lawyer was called out at the time."

"Did you get a receipt for the money?"

"No, I got the deed."

"Which you turned over to your guardian's assistant?"

"Yes."

"He was to take it to the register's office to have it recorded, but failed to do it because he said he lost it?"

"That's right."

"I suppose Will Temple has been trying to find out ever since where he went?"

"He hasn't been able to discover a clue to his whereabouts."

"Well, you ought to be able to get another deed to the property from Caleb Potter. If he should refuse to give it to you, he ought to be made to."

"I've an idea he's a hard customer to coerce."

"Your lawyer ought to be able to find a way to make him do the right thing. By the way, I heard you were going to cut that farm up into building lots and sell them independently?"

"That's my idea."

"Pretty clever scheme. You ought to be able to make a lot of money out of it that way, for you got the farm dirt cheap."

"I hope to make a good thing of it."

"You can't help it as things have turned out. Somebody must have tipped you off to the fact that the new driveway, proposed to be laid out between Bayvill and Waverly, was to run through that part of Caleb Potter's property that you bought."

"What makes you think so?"

"The fact that you bought that particular farm, which has never amounted to shucks as a producer, instead of other land of a better quality near by which you could easily have got; and the rush with which you started to have it surveyed and marked out into lots."

"Well, I admit that I did find out that the driveway was going right through the center of that land," replied Reuben, with a knowing smile.

"How did you?" asked Bob, curiously.

"That is one of my secrets, Bob. And I found out a few other things in connection with the matter, too."

"You must have been born lucky. I'll bet Caleb Potter threw forty-seven fits when he read in the papers that the course of the driveway was to go through the farm he had sold you, and he realized that he had handed you over the chance to make a fortune for a mere song."

"I wouldn't be surprised. That's why I'm worried over the loss of the deed. He may try to cheat me out of the property when he learns that the deed he gave was lost before it was recorded."

"He'd have to go into court and swear that you never bought the property."

"He'd do that, I'll bet, if he thought he could win out."

"Well, you've got the contract that he gave Will Temple as a preliminary to the sale?"

"That is practically only a thirty-day option. If he swears that I did not take title on the date specified in the contract, and I can't show that I did, then I may find myself in a bad fix."

"You can bring the lawyer's red-headed clerk into court and have him swear that he was present when you paid the money over and took the deed."

"He might buy the clerk off, and get him to swear that no such thing happened."

"I should think it would take a stiff amount of money to induce that clerk to run the risk of being prosecuted for perjury."

"Caleb Potter is said to be mighty well off. The developments about the new driveway may be a sufficient inducement for him to make a strong effort to prevent me from profiting by my purchase."

"That's true, and the worst of it is he has the money to carry the case into court and put up a stiff fight."

"That's true enough. If I should win in the trial court he could appeal the case to a higher one, where it would take months before a decision would be rendered. If the decision was against him, it isn't impossible that he would carry it before the highest court in the State, and thus keep the property tied up for two or three years."

"It would cost him a lot of money to do that. All the costs would come out of his pocket."

"It would cost me something, too."

"Will Temple would look out for that."

"He's only a young lawyer, with a small practice, and he's got a sister to support."

"Fay Temple is a fine-looking little girl all right. I believe you're a bit sweet on her."

"Oh, come off, Bob. What put that idea into your head?" asked Reuben, flushing up to his eyes.

"What are you blushing for?" chuckled Bob.

"I'm not blushing," replied Reuben, in some confusion.

"I'm hot, that's all."

"All right. We'll let it go at that. You'll admit, however, that you think she's the finest girl in Bayvill, won't you?"

"Yes. She's a nice girl."

"And you never go to town but you try to get around to see her."

"Who told you that?"

"Nobody, only that's my idea."

"You have a right to your ideas even if they're way off."

"I'm not way off about you and Miss Temple. I guess you have the inner track with her because her brother is your guardian. Maybe one of these days, when you've made a fortune out of your land speculation, you'll persuade her to become Mrs. Reuben Hare."

"Oh, come now, change the subject."

"Not much use of that, for here we are in town and I'll set you down at your guardian's office in half a minute."

Bob was almost as good as his word, for a minute later

he reined up in front of Will Temple's law office, which was on the ground floor of a two-story frame building shaded by a tall elm tree.

Reuben thanked him for the lift, got down and walked into the office, after Bob had promised to call for him in an hour and take him home.

CHAPTER II.

A SERIOUS CASE.

Will Temple, attorney and counselor-at-law, was a young man of perhaps twenty-three.

He was good-looking, smart and, considering his age and experience, a capable young lawyer.

Admitted to the bar two years since he was gradually acquiring clients.

His office consisted of two rooms—a large one, provided with an old-fashioned desk, a table, a square cheap rug, and several chairs for the accommodation of callers; and a small inside one, furnished with a roll-top desk, revolving chair, two common leather-covered chairs, a small book-case partly filled with law books, two or three steel engravings on the wall, and a bright red carpet on the floor.

When Reuben arrived the door between the two rooms was ajar, and the young visitor caught sight of the lawyer writing at his desk in his private office.

The only person in the outside room was a small boy, seated at the desk, who, for want of something else to do, was engaged in the strenuous occupation of killing flies on the window panes with a long, thin rubber band.

He looked up when he heard Reuben.

The visitor paid no attention to him, but advancing to the door, knocked on it.

"Come right in, Reuben. You got my letter of course?" he added, motioning to a chair beside his own.

"Yes, that's why I'm here, Will," replied the boy, seating himself. "I suppose something has happened or you wouldn't have sent for me. The deed hasn't turned up, has it?"

"I regret to say that it hasn't."

"You called on Caleb Potter, I suppose, and he has made some objection to furnishing a duplicate deed?"

"Worse than that, Reuben. The old rascal had the assurance to tell me that you never took title to the property, and consequently, the farm is still his."

"If he hasn't a nerve, when we can bring a witness to show that I paid the money over to him and received the deed properly signed and sealed from his own hands."

"You mean Mr. Jerrock's clerk, Timothy Riggs?"

"Sure; who else?"

"After an unsatisfactory interview with Caleb Potter, I called at Lawyer Jerrock's office and saw Riggs."

"And he admitted having seen me pay the money and receive the deed."

"He did nothing of the kind."

"What!" gasped Reuben, with a look of astonishment.

"He denied absolutely that you paid any money to Caleb Potter in his presence, or that Potter handed you the deed in question."

"Why, confound him——"

"Don't get excited, Reuben. This is a case that calls for the utmost coolness. It looks to me like a conspiracy to defraud you out of the property."

"That seems clear enough to me, and the question is, what are we going to do about it? It isn't alone the \$2,000 I paid for the farm that is at stake, but a fortune made possible by the fact that the new driveway will pass through the center of the land."

"Exactly. Caleb Potter took your money and gave you the deed because he could not help himself, since he had signed the contract to do that within thirty days. Of course, when he signed the contract he was not aware of what was going to happen to make his farm a very valuable piece of real estate. That goes without saying, because he wouldn't have made such a deal had he even dreamed that a driveway between here and Waverly was to go through that property. He knew it, though, a few days before you took title, and I am satisfied that he conspired with his lawyer to try and swindle you out of your rights. It was most unfortunate that I was obliged to leave the final steps in the hands of my assistant, Jonas Harvey, but I had the fullest confidence

in him, and he has betrayed it. I feel sure that the events of that afternoon were a put-up job all around."

"A put-up job!" echoed Reuben.

"Yes. The message I received calling me out of town on very important business was a fake."

"You never told me that before."

"I didn't want to discourage you at the outset, so I decided to say nothing until I had threshed the matter out. I was surprised, of course, to think that somebody should play me such a trick as sending me on a wild-goose chase. I naturally regarded it at first as a foolish practical joke. Then came the letter from Harvey stating that he had lost the deed and was afraid to return. Even then, I suspected nothing. I hurried to the register's office and found that the document had not been presented for recording. I at once inserted an advertisement in every paper offering a reward for the return of the deed, but after waiting two days without result, I hired a detective to look up my assistant. He was not found, but the few facts discovered by the detective aroused my suspicions that all was not just right. Then it was I decided to take the bull by the horns and visit Caleb Potter. I wrote you to that effect."

"I know you did," replied Reuben.

"The interview I had with him confirmed my worst fears. He did not seem particularly surprised to learn from me that the deed was missing. He asserted that he had never given you one. In fact, he showed a deed with the proper date on it, signed by himself, which he alleged was the one he had brought to Jerrock's office to hand over to you when you paid him the balance of the \$2,000 due on the contract. The fact that he had such a deed in his possession he claimed was prima facie evidence that you had failed to take title at the date agreed upon, consequently, he said, you forfeited your advance payment and the deal was off."

"What an old scoundrel he is," cried Reuben, indignantly.

"As I had your statement that Jerrock's clerk was present when you paid the money and received the deed, I told him that if he persisted in standing by his assertion that you had not taken title, I should have to take the matter in court in order to compel him to furnish us with a duplicate deed."

"What did he say to that?"

"He laughed in my face, and told me to take any steps I chose."

"What did you say then?"

"I closed the interview abruptly and took my leave. Then I called on Timothy Riggs, with the surprising result I have already told you. Riggs' positive denial that any money passed between you and Caleb Potter, or that you received the missing deed in question, coupled with the suspicious disappearance of my assistant and the fool trick worked off on me that afternoon, satisfied me that the whole thing was a cut-and-dried scheme on Caleb Potter's part to hold possession of the farm he had sold you, and which unexpected developments showed to be so valuable."

"I believe you," replied Reuben, with an anxious look. "Jonas Harvey was approached by some one in Potter's interest, and he sold me out. Of course, he must have been well paid or he wouldn't have skipped out of town."

"So I have been forced to conclude. If he sold that deed back to Caleb Potter we can scarcely hope to recover it unless Harvey is found and brought into court and put on the witness stand. Even then, if he is nifty enough to perjure himself, the case would go against us."

"The deed Potter showed you may be the very one he handed me in Mr. Jerrock's office and which he afterwards got back through Harvey's duplicity," said Reuben.

"Yes. That is quite possible."

"Did it have a red cross mark outside in the blank space under my name?"

"No, it did not," replied Temple.

"Then it wasn't the same deed," replied Reuben. "That mark, in the form of a Maltese cross, could not be erased without leaving some sign that it had been there."

"The outside of the deed was perfectly smooth and flawless under your name."

"Then it must have been a duplicate he drew up to show. He is too foxy to exhibit the real deed if it is in his possession, as I guess it must be."

"Reuben, if this matter goes against you, I don't see how I can ever forgive myself for my responsibility in causing you such a great loss—the loss of a fortune."

"I don't blame you, Will."

"But I blame myself, and Fay feels awfully cut up over it, too. As far as the sum you paid for the land, \$2,000,

I can and will make that up to you. It is my duty to do that, though, of course, it will take time. I could never look you in the face again if I failed to reimburse you for that outlay. If that were all, I could face the matter with confidence, for my business is growing, and I will soon be able to save money; but it isn't all. The worst feature is the profit that is bound to accrue to the owner of that farm. At the lowest estimate, I feel that had not this unfortunate turn come in the case, you stood to win every cent of \$50,000. However, I don't mean to give up the ship without a desperate fight. To-morrow I shall begin suit against Caleb Potter to try and establish your right to the property. I am reading up the law bearing on such a case. I have also had the authorities here telegraph to the neighboring cities a full description of Jonas Harvey, after placing in their hands a warrant for his arrest. I trust that by this means he will be arrested, and then I will have him brought back here, and force him to testify. He must either tell the truth or perjure himself, and I'll risk the latter."

As the young lawyer concluded, there was a light step in the outer office, and through the closed door he heard the unmistakable tones of his sister inquiring if he was in.

CHAPTER III.

HOW LUCK COMES REUBEN'S WAY.

"That's my sister outside," said Temple. "Open the door and ask her in here."

Reuben did so with alacrity.

"This is an agreeable surprise to meet you here, Reuben," said Fay Temple, who was an uncommonly pretty girl, shaking hands with him.

"And I didn't expect you, either," replied the boy, offering her a chair.

"It is the unexpected that is always happening," she replied, with a laugh.

"It certainly is. I have found it so with respect to my purchase of that farm from Caleb Potter."

"Isn't it a shame that the deed was lost?" she said, gravely.

"Say rather stolen," replied her brother.

"Do you really believe that Jonas Harvey ran away with it?" she asked.

"No. He didn't run away with it, for he couldn't have benefited in the least by doing such a foolish thing as that. I told you last night that I believed the thing was a put-up job on Reuben. I am satisfied now that it is. Unless all indications go for nothing, Harvey sold that deed to Caleb Potter, or a representative of his, and then ran off to parts unknown."

"If you have any evidence of that, can't you—"

"That's the trouble. I haven't any tangible evidence that would count if we went to court."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to bring suit at once against Caleb Potter for possession of the farm. That will prevent him from selling it over again in a hurry. In the meantime, I've got a line out after Harvey. If I haven't got hold of him when the case comes up for trial, I can secure a postponement on the ground that my most important witness is out of the jurisdiction of the court, and I haven't yet been able to reach him. In that way I can keep the case on the docket for some time, and in the meanwhile something may turn up to help us."

"Dear me, I think it's a terrible thing. Reuben is not only in danger of losing the money he paid for the farm, but—"

"He won't lose that, at any rate. I intend to repay that to the last dollar, for I am responsible for the present state of affairs."

"I know you will do that, Will, but how will you make up to him the fortune that he will be out if he loses the farm in the end?"

"Never mind about that, Miss Fay," replied Reuben. "Will has enough to worry about without thinking of that."

The conversation then turned upon a different topic, and soon after Bob Horton drove up to the door, alighted, and entered the office.

"Hello, Bob," cried out Will Temple through the half-open door, "come right in and make yourself at home."

"Good-afternoon, Miss Temple," said Bob, bowing to the young lawyer's sister.

"Good-afternoon, Bob. Bring a chair in for yourself," said the girl.

"I'm not going to stay. I called to take Reuben home if he's ready to go."

"I'm ready, said Reuben. "Good-by, Will. I'll be in to see you in a day or so. Good-by, Miss Fay. Next time we meet we may have a longer chat."

"I hope so, Reuben," she replied, giving him her hand, and an expressive look with her eyes which made the boy's heart flutter a bit.

So the little party in the office broke up and Bob and Reuben started off together in the wagon.

"How did you find things with respect to your property?" asked Bob.

"Not very encouraging. In fact, the outlook could hardly be worse."

"Gee! Is that so? I'm sorry to hear it."

Reuben told Bob how the case stood and his friend sympathized with him.

"It will be tough on you if you lose the farm after having paid for it."

"I should say so; but I am in hopes the police will locate our missing witness, and that his evidence will put me out of the scrape."

"If he should testify in your favor it will show Caleb Potter up in a mighty bad light."

"Not any more than he deserves."

"I'm thinking he'll spend a lot of money to try and beat you."

"I guess he will, though they say it's like drawing a tooth to get any money out of him."

"This is a case where he'll make a pile of money if you fail to prove your right to the farm, so he probably won't object to going down into his pocket for the coin to make his claim sure."

The boys continued to canvass the subject all the way to the pleasant little cottage where Reuben lived with his pretty sister, Barbara Hare.

There were about forty acres of ground attached to the cottage, and Reuben made a pretty fair living for himself and his sister off it, besides putting away a few dollars for a rainy day.

Reuben invited Bob to stop for a few minutes and see his sister.

Bob had no objection, for, to say the truth, he was rather sweet on Miss Barbara.

Barbara gave him such a cordial welcome, and they found so much to say, that the few minutes he intended to remain lengthened out to nearly an hour.

Then Reuben wanted him to remain for tea, but this he said he couldn't do, as his father was expecting him back before sundown with his load.

"It's sundown now," laughed Reuben, "so if you expect to save your bacon you'd better hustle. Come over this evening if you can. If not, come to-morrow night."

"All right," answered Bob, and two minutes later he drove off.

Will Temple lost no time in beginning an action against Caleb Potter to establish Reuben's title to the farm he had bought.

Papers were duly served on him, giving him twenty days in which to answer.

He put the case in the hands of Lemuel Jerrock, his lawyer, and that gentleman filed an answer denying that Reuben Hare had taken title to the farm by paying over the balance due on the contract.

The case was then put on the docket of the court and a date set for the trial of the boy's claim.

Thus several weeks passed away and the day arrived when the case was to come before the judge.

The defendant, Caleb Potter, was ready, but Will Temple wasn't.

Every effort made to discover the whereabouts of Jonas Harvey had failed, and the prospects looked dark for Reuben.

The young lawyer, however, intended to ask for a postponement, and it was probable the judge would grant it, though Lawyer Jerrock intended to put in a strong objection.

Early on the morning of the day when the case was to come on, Reuben made an early start for town for a final consultation with Will Temple.

It was not a pleasant morning, the sky being overcast with dark clouds that threatened a downpour of rain.

Reuben had gone about half the distance to town when it began to rain.

His mare was already covering the ground at a smart

pace, but he touched her up to get a little more speed out of her.

As he swung around a curve in the road, he saw a boy in his shirt sleeves running across an adjacent field shouting at him.

Reuben pulled up, wondering who the boy was and what he wanted.

As the boy hurried up to the fence which lined the road, it struck Reuben that he looked familiar to him.

When he climbed the fence and Reuben got a full view of his face, he gave a gasp of surprise—the boy was Will Temple's missing assistant, Jonas Harvey.

Reuben sprang out of the covered buggy to meet him, fearing that Harvey might take to his heels when he recognized him.

He was mistaken, however.

"Is that you, Reuben Hare?" cried Jonas eagerly, evidently glad to see him.

"It isn't anybody else. Where the dickens have you been for the last two months or more? We've had the police of half a dozen cities looking for you."

"I've been a prisoner in that house yonder," and Jonas pointed at an old farmhouse standing a mile back from the road.

"A prisoner! How is that?"

"If you'll take me up out of the rain I'll tell you all about it."

"Take you up! I rather guess I will. Will Temple and I want you badly. How about that deed I gave you to take to the register's office and which never reached it?" said Reuben eagerly, as he followed Jonas up on the seat and started the mare toward.

"It was taken from me."

"Taken from you! By whom?"

"I'll tell you. We separated at the door of Lawyer Jerrock's office, you know, as you said you had an engagement to meet Miss Temple."

"I remember. I've kicked myself about a hundred times for keeping that engagement instead of going with you to the register's office and making sure that the deed was recorded."

"After we separated I went over to the office first to see if anybody had been there while I was away with you. When I came out I found Timothy Riggs, Jerrock's clerk, standing outside. He told me that Mr. Jerrock wanted to see me right away. I started back with him to his office, but instead of going in the office he brought me into the vacant room next door and told me to wait there till Mr. Jerrock came. In a few minutes he returned with Mr. Potter. The old man asked me if I had recorded the deed yet. I said I had not, but was on my way to the recorder's office when Riggs asked me to step over to his place as Mr. Jerrock wanted to see me. Then old man Potter asked me if I wanted to make \$500. When I asked him how I could make so much as that, he replied that he'd give me \$500 if I let him have the deed I had in my pocket, and another \$500 to go away off to a distance and never return. I told him that I wouldn't do it for ten times the money, as I'd surely get caught and be sent to jail. He told me there wasn't any danger, as I could start at once and get clean off before I'd be missed. I told him that he was only wasting his breath, for I wouldn't make any deal with him. At that moment somebody threw a cloth over my head from behind, pulled me down on the floor, and choked me till I fainted. The next thing I knew I was a prisoner in a room in that house that I pointed out to you, and I've been there ever since, till about half an hour ago, when I made my escape by playing 'possum," and Harvey grinned at the recollection of his clever ruse.

"It seems you've had a hard time of it, Jonas, and all this time Mr. Temple and I were of the opinion that you had sold me out, and skipped off to parts unknown."

"I might have taken the \$1,000 bribe and gone off, but it wouldn't have done me any good in the long run. I'd have spent the money in having a good time, and I wouldn't have dared to come back. I might not have escaped from that house to-day, only I heard last night that I was to be taken to some seaport and shipped off on a long cruise, and that made me desperate."

"Are you ready to go on the witness stand in court and tell your story before the judge and a jury?"

"I'll do it. I'm just aching to get back at old Caleb Potter, and that law clerk, Timothy Riggs. I'll bet Lawyer Jerrock was in the job, too, but as I didn't see him take a hand in it, I couldn't swear that he was one of the parties."

"Who was it threw the cloth over your head?"

"I don't know, but I think it was Riggs."
 "How do you know that it wasn't Jerrock?"
 "I don't know. It might have been him, but I couldn't say that it was."
 "You didn't see him in the room, then?"
 "No."
 "You left your jacket and hat at the house in your hurry to get away?"
 "Yes. I had to slide out mighty quick or I'd have been stopped."
 "Well, I'll see that you get a new suit and hat before you go to court. And you shall not only receive your wages for the time you've been off, but I'll make you a present of \$100 to pay you for what you've gone through. You can swear that you saw me pay Caleb Potter \$1,800 in cash at Jerrock's office?"
 "Sure, and I will."
 "You can swear that Potter turned the deed over to me, and that I handed it to you to have it recorded?"
 "I can."
 "And you'll tell the court and jury how you were persuaded to return to a room in the same building where Jerrock's office is; how Caleb Potter tried to bribe you to give up the deed and leave town for good; how you were assaulted by some person whom you could not identify, who took you unaware from behind, choked you till you became insensible, and presumed to rob you of the deed, and how you were held a prisoner in the house down the road ever since?"
 "I'll tell everything," replied Harvey, earnestly.
 "Thank you, Jones. I feel reasonably sure now that I shall win my case to-day. Mr. Temple was going to ask for a postponement to gain further time, thinking that possibly we might locate you in some distant city, but now there will be no need for an adjournment. Turning up as you have, with the evidence you're able to furnish, I guess we'll make it mighty hot for Caleb Potter."
 "I hope you'll make it hot for Riggs, too."
 "Don't you worry. We'll have both of them arrested and put through for conspiracy to defraud. Here's a furnishing goods store. We'll get out and provide you with a new suit of clothes, some dry underclothes, a shirt and hat."
 Reuben reined in his mare, and he and Jonas Harvey alighted and entered the store.
 In a short time Harvey was provided with all he required at Reuben's expense, then they got into the buggy again and drove to Will Temple's law office.

CHAPTER IV.

LAWYER JERROCK AND HIS CONFIDENTIAL CLERK.

While the foregoing events were transpiring, Lawyer Jerrock was preparing to attend court to defend the action brought by Will Temple against Caleb Potter.

The rascally old defendant, confident of success, had just left his office, promising to meet his lawyer about two hours later in court.

Shortly after his client left, Jerrock walked into his outer office where his confidential clerk, Timothy Riggs, sat perched on a high stool, before a tall, oblong desk, busily writing.

"Well, Riggs, what are you now upon?" asked the lawyer.

"Upon the stool, sir," grinned Riggs, who, for reasons known to himself, felt he was in a position to be gay with his employer if he chose.

"Have you drawn that abstract?" asked Jerrock, not noticing his funny reply.

"Yes, sir; I've done the deed," chuckled Riggs, as if he thought that answer was humorous, too.

"Where is it?"

"Here, sir," and Riggs handed Jerrock the document.

The lawyer looked it over.

"Did you take out that dispossess paper against the Widow Dooley?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you serve it yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"If she doesn't pay her rent in three days, see that she's evicted. Those are Mr. Potter's orders. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"That will do. Now come into my private room; I want to talk to you."

Riggs put down his pen, slipped off his stool and fol-

lowed his employer into his private den, which was well furnished and had quite an extensive library, of law books displayed on shelves that stood against two sides of the room.

"Sit down, Riggs," said Jerrock, taking possession of his own revolving chair.

Timothy Riggs sat down and looked at his boss in a sly way, characteristic of his foxy nature.

"You are aware, of course, that the case of Hare versus Potter is on to-day's calendar in Part I of the General Court?"

"Yes, sir," chuckled Riggs.

"This case is one of great importance to the parties interested," went on Jerrock, taking a cigar from a box in one of his desk drawers and lighting it with great deliberation.

"You mean the lawyers, I suppose, sir," replied Riggs, with another chuckle.

"No, sir, I mean the plaintiff and the defendant," replied Jerrock, sharply. "Reuben Hare, through his guardian and lawyer, proceeds against my client, Caleb Potter, in order to establish his right and title to certain real property known as the Daisy Farm, which he alleges he bought and paid for, and is prevented from entering into possession of through the loss of the deed he claims to have received from my client at the time he asserts he took title to the property aforesaid."

"Yes, sir," said Riggs, when his employer paused.

"Now my client, Caleb Potter, is prepared to go on the stand and swear that the plaintiff in this case did not fulfil the conditions of the contract for the purchase of the said property—that is, he did not pay the sum of \$1,800 balance due, on the date specified in the contract as the date for closing the title, consequently, he, the defendant, did not convey by deed, or any other writing, the said property to the said plaintiff."

"Yes, sir," chuckled the confidential clerk.

"Now, Riggs, the plaintiff in this case has subpoenaed you as a witness. He expects to prove through your testimony that he paid the \$1,800 in your presence to the defendant. That you saw the money pass from his hands to the hands of the defendant, and that you also saw the said defendant hand him the deed to the property duly signed and sealed, and ready to be recorded in the register's office. I say he expects to prove that by your testimony, Riggs."

"Yes, sir," grinned the clerk.

"Now, Riggs, isn't it a fact that, to the best of your knowledge and belief, you saw no money pass from the plaintiff to the defendant, nor any deed pass from the defendant to the plaintiff at the time in question?"

Riggs scratched his chin and looked at his boss in an artful way.

"I suppose you want me to take oath to that, sir?" he said.

"I certainly expect you to do that. If you admitted the allegations of the plaintiff, my client would in all probability come out at the short end, while I would lose a very considerable contingent fee."

"Well, sir, I'm your clerk, and I'm supposed to follow your instructions, whether the facts are as you say or not; but I would like to know how I am to satisfy my conscience."

"I shall add \$2 a week more to your salary, and, as soon as the case has been decided in our favor, I shall present you with the sum of \$200."

"If you will call it \$300, sir, maybe I'll be able to forget what took place between Reuben Hare and Caleb Potter that afternoon in your office."

"Riggs, I regret to find you so grasping. Money is the root of all evil—remember that. However, we'll call it \$300, as you have suggested."

"Thank you, sir. That will about do it."

"You are to swear, remember, that no money nor deed passed between the plaintiff and the defendant."

"Yes, sir; I'll swear to that, of course."

"That's right, Riggs. Now that your conscience is eased in this particular, let me know if I can thoroughly depend on you."

"Why, if you can't, sir, there's no honor among thieves," replied the clerk, with an audacious wink.

"What's that, Riggs? No honor among thieves! What do you mean by that, sir?" demanded the lawyer, sharply.

Riggs scratched his chin and grinned.

"That's just one of my expressions, sir. Nothing personal, of course. Present company always excepted," he said.

"Hum! I don't like the expression, Riggs. But no mat-

ter. I believe you are grateful, and will acknowledge you have been obliged to me."

"Yes, sir, I have been obliged to you—to do a great many dirty actions," he muttered to himself.

"I have shown as much interest in your welfare as if you'd been a rich client instead of a poor dependent. You were an outcast and I took you in."

"You did, sir—you took me in; and if I'd been a rich client, as you say, you'd have done the same thing."

"Eh?" ejaculated Jerrock, suspiciously.

"I said you were very good to me."

"Hum! I think you know me, Riggs, and you know also what a professional man must be. In the law one who is a man of business must sometimes sacrifice considerations both of feeling and honor."

"Yes, sir; and you are always in business, you know," replied Riggs.

"I admit it; but a man in our profession in order to succeed must put his heart in it. When I started in business that was my only capital."

"You didn't risk much, did you, sir?"

"To-day," went on the lawyer, leaning back in his chair and putting his fingers and thumbs of both hands together in the form of an apex, "I am one of the leading legal lights of Bayvill."

"Yes, sir; you cut quite a shine in court."

"I've mounted the ladder of success rung by rung until I flatter myself I've reached an enviable altitude in—"

"That's right, sir, and I remember you helped one of your clients to do the same."

"To whom do you refer, Riggs?"

"Jim Ashcroft. He was hanged after you defended him."

"Hum! Quite true. I did the best I could for the poor fellow."

"Yes, sir, he was poor. If he'd had money he might have got off."

"Well, it's an unpleasant subject. Let us return to the case on to-day's docket—Hare versus Potter. Don't forget that our case hinges largely on your testimony. You are to swear—"

"That Reuben Hare paid no money to Caleb Potter and that he received no deed to the farm which he claims he bought."

"That's it. Stick to that, Riggs, and we shall win our case beyond a doubt," said the lawyer, rubbing his hands one over the other with every evidence of satisfaction.

"How about the deed I took from Jonas Harvey that afternoon?"

"What about it?" asked Jerrock, sharply.

"You haven't returned it to your client yet."

"Nor do I intend to, at least, not for the present. I always think it prudent to have two strings to my bow. While I possess that deed, I hold Caleb Potter completely in my power."

"Yes, sir; but suppose Jonas Harvey should get away from that house down the road, it would be kind of awkward for us, don't you think?"

"Us? What do you mean? I'm not implicated in his imprisonment. I'm not supposed to know anything about it. All I know is that Harvey has been reported missing."

Timothy Riggs made a wry face.

"It would be awkward for me—and your client, Caleb Potter—if he turned up in town. He'd swear that I was the cause of—"

"Never mind, Riggs; he won't get the chance to swear to anything against you or Potter. He is to be sent away to Boston to-night and shipped to India or Australia."

"I'm glad to hear it. I haven't had an easy moment since I followed out your instructions and helped carry him to that farmhouse. I hope, sir, you'll remember me when you bleed Caleb Potter for the price of that deed. It's a good deed, and good deeds are not at all common in this office."

"Hum! I sha'n't forget you, Riggs. You are an excellent clerk, and our interests are more or less mutual. I may make you my junior partner one of these days in recognition of the valuable services you have rendered me."

"Thank you, sir. That would suit me very well," chuckled Riggs.

"I trust such a recompense in view will insure your fidelity."

"Of course, sir. Birds of a feather flock—"

"What's that?"

"Merely one of my expressions," replied Riggs, scratching his chin. "I suppose you have that deed locked up in your safe?"

"Of course; where else would I keep it?"

"True, sir; but when Caleb Potter asked you for it the other day you seemed to be entirely ignorant of it. In fact, you as good as told him that you supposed he had it himself."

"He's been badgering me about it ever since I took it away from Harvey," continued Riggs.

"What answer have you given him on the subject?"

"That it must have got mislaid. That's what you told me to tell him, isn't it?"

"I did. The next time he approaches you on the subject, you can tell him that you haven't the slightest knowledge where it is. You need not know that the deed is in my safe. What proof have you that it is? I only said so."

"That's no proof, sir, if you only say it's in the safe. That's no evidence at all."

"Of course it isn't. Well, that's all, Riggs. It's time we went to court, so put on your hat and accompany me there."

"All right, sir. I'll be ready in a minute," and Timothy Riggs walked outside, leaving the lawyer to pack certain papers that he expected to use in his handbag.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH REUBEN WINS HIS CASE.

When Reuben appeared at Will Temple's office with Jonas Harvey in tow, the young lawyer sprang on his feet in no little astonishment.

"You back at last, Harvey!" he cried. "Come right in here and explain to me where you have been. I got your letter saying you had lost the deed and that you were afraid to return, after which nothing more was heard from you, nor could the detective I sent out looking for you find any trace whatever of your whereabouts."

"I didn't send you any letter, Mr. Temple," replied Harvey, looking his surprise. "I've been held prisoner in an old farmhouse about a mile or so out of town, and I haven't had the ghost of a chance to send a letter to anybody, or you can bet I would have done so mighty quick."

"You've been held prisoner, have you. By whom?" asked Will Temple, wondering if Harvey was telling the truth.

"By an old man and an old woman; but Caleb Potter and Mr. Jerrock's clerk, Timothy Riggs, were at the bottom of it."

"I dare say. Well, tell me your story; but first, where is that deed?"

"It was taken from me."

"By whom?"

"I couldn't tell you; but I suspect by Caleb Potter, as he tried to bribe me to sell it to him and leave the State. At any rate, he was in the room when I was assaulted and overpowered."

"Who assaulted you?"

"I couldn't tell you that either."

"Who else was in the room besides you and Potter?"

"Timothy Riggs was for a few minutes."

"Where was the room and how happened you to go there?" asked Will, regarding his assistant with suspicion.

"If you let me tell my story you will understand the matter better than by questioning me," replied Harvey.

"Reuben," said Will, turning to his client and ward, "where and under what circumstances did you meet Harvey?"

Reuben explained how, while on his way to town, he had seen a boy running across the fields toward the road, hatless and jacketless, in the rain.

When he came close enough he had recognized him as Jonas Harvey.

Harvey had shown no disposition to avoid him when he saw him, but on the contrary, appeared to be glad to meet him.

He took him into the buggy, heard his story, which he was disposed to credit, and brought him straight to the office after stopping at an outfitter's and buying him some necessary apparel.

"He says he's not only willing but eager to go to court and bear witness to the facts that actually happened in Mr. Jerrock's office on the afternoon I took title to the farm," concluded Reuben. "When you've heard his story, Will, I guess you will find ground enough to proceed against Caleb Potter for conspiracy to defraud me out of my property, and Timothy Riggs, too, as an accessory."

Will relaxed his frigid demeanor toward Harvey after listening to Reuben's explanation.

"Well, go ahead and tell me your story," he said.

Harvey hastened to do so.

When Jonas finished his story Will held out his hand to him.

"I'm sorry that circumstances caused me to suspect you of treachery to my interests. I accept your explanation and will see that you are recompensed for the trouble you've gone through at the hands of that old rascal and his associates. Your testimony in court will establish Reuben's case and put Caleb Potter in a pretty bad fix. He doesn't deserve any consideration and shall have as little from me as he was disposed to offer Reuben when he felt convinced he had the upper hand. It's time now that we proceed to court. I shall keep you in the background at first, and let those chaps show their hand. Then I'll give them the shock of their lives," he concluded, grimly.

To prevent the Potter crowd from getting on to the presence of Harvey in court before the time came for him to go on the stand, Will Temple provided him with a pair of blue goggles, and told him to keep his hat well down over his forehead.

Then he sent him on ahead and directed him where to sit among the spectators.

There were several lawyers in court when Will Temple and Reuben entered the room, but Jerrock was not amongst them.

Caleb Potter was there, however, feeling sure that if the case was not postponed he would win out.

In any event, he expected to beat Reuben out of the property, and he showed the confidence and satisfaction he felt in his face.

He glanced sneeringly at Reuben, and triumphantly at Temple as the young lawyer entered the railed-in enclosure reserved for the legal fraternity.

As the judge entered the room and took his seat, Jerrock and his confidential clerk, Timothy Riggs, came in.

The judge directed his clerk to read the calendar.

Several cases were called before the clerk reached Hare versus Potter, but the lawyers on one side or the other said they were not yet ready to go on.

"Hare against Potter," read the clerk.

"Ready," replied Jerrock.

"Ready, your honor," said Temple, coolly.

Jerrock looked at the young lawyer in surprise.

He had fully expected that Temple would ask for more time.

Caleb Potter also looked his surprise, but nevertheless he was pleased.

The sooner the case came to trial the better suited he would be.

The clerk went on through the rest of the calendar, and several other lawyers announced they were ready to try their cases.

The other attorneys, or their clerks who represented them, hurried out of the court as soon as the judge granted them another date.

"Hare against Potter," said the judge, announcing the first case to be tried. "How long will this case take?"

"About an hour, your honor, I should think," replied Will Temple.

The judge then called the next case and asked one of the lawyers how long that would take.

The attorney answered that it would easily take half a day or more.

"Call the jury," said the judge, meaning the jurors who were to pass upon Reuben's case.

The clerk went right on through the list after the first twelve had taken their places in the box.

One or two failed to answer to their names and were fined for non-appearance.

Then the judge announced that he was ready to hear "Hare against Potter."

Will stepped forward and explained to the jury the nature of the action, after which he called Reuben to the stand.

The boy told his story in a straightforward way, then Will asked him a number of questions tending to throw a better light on the matter.

"Your witness, Mr. Jerrock," he said at last.

Jerrock got up and proceeded to cross-examine Reuben in an aggressive way, but he failed to make the boy contradict his testimony in a single particular.

Will then called Timothy Riggs, and that foxy young man took his seat.

In answer to the young lawyer's questions he positively denied the essential particulars he was expected to testify for the plaintiff.

The judge was clearly surprised that the lawyer for the plaintiff should call a witness whose evidence was so damaging to his cause.

Will Temple, however, did not appear to be put out by Riggs' testimony, and Jerrock wondered thereat.

The young lawyer closely questioned Riggs on all points, his object being to get the clerk to perjure himself as much as possible.

Riggs began to grow nervous and uneasy under the ordeal. Finally, Temple turned him over to Jerrock.

That lawyer asked him two or three questions and then said that was all.

As Riggs, with a sigh of relief, started to leave the court, Temple got up and said:

"Your honor, I wish you would order the witness to remain in court."

"Do you intend to call him again?"

"No, your honor, I expect to show that the witness has sworn falsely from first to last, and I intend to ask your honor to order his arrest on the charge of perjury."

Will Temple's words created a sensation.

Riggs turned white as the officer at the door turned him back in accordance with a sign from the judge.

Jerrock glared at Temple, but could say nothing as Riggs wasn't his witness.

"I will now call Jonas Harvey to the stand," said Will.

Had a thunderbolt fallen in the court, Jerrock and Caleb Potter couldn't have shown greater consternation.

Harvey walked forward, after removing his goggles, and took the witness chair.

His testimony gave Riggs the lie in every particular, and corroborated Reuben's evidence.

He stopped when he had said all that bore directly on the case, then Will began to question him about what had happened after he left Mr. Jerrock's office with the deed.

"I object, your honor, on the ground that it has no bearing on this case," said Jerrock.

"It has a very important bearing on this case," said Temple.

"What do you propose to show by this line of testimony?" asked the judge.

"I propose to show your honor that this is a conspiracy on the part of the defendant to swindle the plaintiff out of the property which he has paid for and received a deed of," replied Will Temple.

Jerrock objected strongly to the introduction of the said testimony.

The judge said he would allow the witness to proceed, whereupon Jerrock took an exception to his ruling.

Accordingly, Jonas Harvey told his story, and it created a decided impression on the jury and the spectators.

Jerrock, when his turn came, began to badger the witness unmercifully, but he failed to make him contradict himself.

"That's our case," said Will Temple when Harvey left the chair.

Jerrock then got up, made a brief opening speech, in which he verbally lambasted the plaintiff, and then called Caleb Potter to the stand.

The defendant swore positively that Reuben had not paid him a cent of the \$1,800 balance, and consequently he had given the boy no deed.

He also swore that he had not interviewed Jonas Harvey in a vacant room adjoining Jerrock's office, nor offered him \$1,000 for the deed and to leave the State.

Jerrock called Timothy Riggs to the chair, and the clerk swore he had not met Harvey outside of Temple's office, and that he had not brought him to the vacant room in question under pretence that his employer wanted to see him.

Then Jerrock rested his case.

Both lawyers addressed the jury, and after the judge had briefly charged them not to take into consideration the alleged conspiracy, the twelve men retired to consult.

After they had gone out Will Temple asked the judge for two warrants—one against Riggs for perjury and the other against Potter for conspiracy to defraud.

The judge told his clerk to prepare them and then called the next case on the calendar.

As soon as the warrants were ready the judge signed them and Timothy Riggs and Caleb Potter were taken into custody.

The judge fixed bail in both cases at \$1,000.

Jerrock went security for his clerk, and Riggs was released.

Potter sent a check to the bank and gave cash bail for himself.

Thirty minutes later the jury filed in and gave a verdict to Reuben Hare with costs.

Jerrock, however, asked for a stay of ten days pending an appeal and this was granted.

Will Temple and Reuben expected that and it did not worry them any.

The main result had been achieved—Reuben had won a verdict, and he had but little doubt that it would be sustained by a higher court.

At any rate, Reuben, Harvey and the young lawyer left the court feeling mighty good, and they felt better when a messenger arrived from police headquarters to notify Temple that the old man and old woman who lived in the farmhouse where Jonas claimed to have been held prisoner, had been arrested and lodged in prison.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW REUBEN GETS HOLD OF THE MISSING DEED.

Will Temple sent for the detective that he had employed to look Jonas Harvey up, and told him that he wanted to get more evidence against Caleb Potter and Timothy Riggs on the conspiracy charge.

Harvey told his story to the detective, and the sleuth started out to shadow both Potter and Riggs.

In the meantime Will visited the old man and the old woman in the county jail and tried to get them to confess who had employed them to watch Jonas and see that he did not make his escape from the farmhouse.

He failed, however, to get anything out of them.

Lawyer Jerrock appeared in their behalf when they were brought up before the police magistrate.

They waived examination and were held in \$1,000 bail each.

Somebody unknown to Will Temple put up the cash and they were released.

At the end of a month the date was set for the trial of Timothy Riggs for perjury, and another date for the trial of Caleb Potter for conspiracy to defraud.

The latter, through his lawyer, had appealed the case won by Reuben, and it was uncertain when a decision would be rendered.

It was about this time that the county surveyor started to lay out the exact course of the driveway from Bayvill to Waverly.

It was soon shown as a positive fact that the road would run through the center of Daisy Farm.

Two real estate companies were formed to secure land along the route for improvement and speculation.

Reuben received an offer of \$15,000 for the farm as it lay contingent, of course, on his securing a clear title to the property.

He acknowledged the receipt of the offer, but did not intimate whether he would accept it when his title to the farm had been confirmed by the highest court.

As a matter of fact, he didn't intend to accept it.

His plan was to do exactly as the real estate company intended, though necessarily on a more limited scale, owing to lack of capital, and that was, lay out his farm in streets and lots and sell the lots singly or otherwise as customers might prefer.

Of course his streets would not amount to anything at first until he sold enough of the lots to bring him in an income large enough to enable him to improve them, but he knew he would have little difficulty in selling the lots that would lie on either side of the driveway, and when he got these moving, he would be in a position to finance necessary improvements.

Reuben and Will had many conversations about the missing deed.

They were both satisfied that Caleb Potter had it, but there did not seem any way to prove it.

One night, Reuben and his friend, Bob Horton, were returning home across the fields on foot from a stag party, or "smoker," held by the neighboring farmer lads in a barn on the farm adjoining Caleb Potter's farm that bordered on the Daisy property when Bob suggested that they take a short cut across the old man's place.

"I don't know that I care to trespass on that old rascal's land," said Reuben. "I understand he keeps a pair of vicious dogs unchained at night, and the animals might make things unpleasant for us."

"We needn't go near his house. We can skin through his orchard, then cut across Daisy Farm, which is rightfully your own property, and thus save three miles of a tramp around by the road."

As it was twelve o'clock, and they had some distance to walk in order to reach their homes, Reuben yielded to persuasion, and accordingly across Caleb's orchard they went, fortunately, without mishap.

On scaling the fence that let them into Daisy Farm, they both felt that they could safely cross it without being called to book for trespass.

Reuben considered it rightfully his land, as he had paid for it, and Bob looked upon it in the same light.

"When do you expect to get a decision?" asked Bob, as they walked across one of the fields, at the far end of which stood the unoccupied two-story structure that had once been occupied by the owners of the farm before it came into Potter's possession.

It had been so long vacant that it was almost a ruin.

At any rate, it wasn't worth anything as a house, and had not been considered in the land deal.

"I couldn't tell you, Bob," replied Reuben. "It's got to take its turn with the Appellate Court, and when the judges have passed upon it they will hand down their decision."

"If the verdict of the trial court is reversed the case will have to be tried all over a—Hello! There's a light in your old shack. I suppose tramps have taken possession of the building for the night."

"They haven't any right to do that," replied Reuben. "Let's go over and see what they look like."

"I'm willing," replied Bob.

They approached the house with some caution, for they did not care to have their presence discovered.

Reuben, motioning Bob to keep back, walked up to the window and looked in.

He gave a start of surprise when he recognized the inmates of the room.

There were two—Caleb Potter and Lawyer Jerrock.

The latter held a folded paper in his hand.

As Reuben's eyes rested on it, he recognized the red Maltese cross that he had seen on the outside of the deed Caleb Potter had given him when he paid the \$1,800 balance due on the contract.

Motioning Bob forward, he whispered:

Caleb Potter and Mr. Jerrock are inside, and the lawyer has the missing deed in his hand. I wish I could hear what they are saying, for I am sure it has reference to the deed."

"Let's try the back door. It is likely that is the way they entered themselves, and it probably is not secured."

"All right," replied Reuben, "we'll try it; but we'll have to take off our shoes so as not to make any noise."

"We can easily do that," replied Bob.

When they tried the back door they found it easy to open, and kicking off their shoes, they softly entered the old building.

Reuben struck a match so that they could see their way about.

They found themselves in what had once upon a time been the kitchen.

There was nothing in it now but dirt and refuse.

An open door pointed the way into an entry, and from the entry they made their way into a hall, and then they saw a light shining through a partly open door and heard the voices of Potter and Jerrock, the latter expostulating with the other.

They glided up to the door and looked cautiously into the room where the light was—a candle stuck into the neck of an old wine bottle.

"As I consider the chances good that the verdict of the trial court will be reversed," Jerrock was saying, "I value this deed at \$5,000. If you want it at that figure say so, otherwise I'll see if I can't make a deal with Reuben Hare. I dare say he'll be glad to pay that sum for it in instalments in order to make sure of this property, which is easily worth \$30,000 to-day, if not more."

"I didn't think you'd go back on me this way, Jerrock," replied Potter, in a tone of angry disgust.

"My friend, business is business. You conspired to do the boy out of this farm after you sold it to him. You got the money from him and then you tried to buy off young

Harvey, Temple's clerk. Failing in that, my clerk, Riggs, in accordance with a prearranged plan, put Harvey out of business long enough to carry him out to the Bixby farmhouse in your wagon. To protect himself Riggs took possession of the deed before you could get at it. This deed he turned over to me for safe keeping, and here it is. In offering it to you, I am simply acting in my clerk's interests. He has placed its value at \$5,000, which I consider a moderate sum. If you want to pay that for it, it's yours as soon as you turn over the money to me. If you don't want to pay that amount for it, we'll call the matter off and, as I said before, I will try the plaintiff in the case and see if he'll buy it on favorable terms. That's the situation in a nutshell. I have given you the first chance to get the deed, so it's up to you to say yes or no."

Caleb Potter looked upon the proposition as a hold-up.

The lawyer, however, had him where the hair was short, and squirm as he might, he saw no loophole through which he could squirm.

"What's \$5,000?" said Jerrock. "You'll clear over \$50,000 with that farm. I can send you to a man who will give you \$30,000 spot cash after you get the decision if you don't want to bother improving the property and selling it in lots yourself."

"If I was sure of getting the decision and making such a deal as that, I'd pay you the money you want for the deed, though I think it isn't a square piece of business on your part."

"You'll get the decision. I've consulted several of the best lawyers in town and they all agree that the Appellate Court is bound to reverse the verdict of the trial court."

"Then the case will have to be tried over again, and the jury may decide against me as it did before," said the old man.

"Don't you worry, Potter. We'll have two or three new witnesses. We'd have had them at the trial only we thought we had plain sailing."

"I'd have won only that clerk of Temple's turned up," growled Caleb Potter.

"He wouldn't have turned up if that old man and his wife had been more careful. I had everything arranged so that you could send Harvey across the water, but your people spoiled it all. What I did for you is worth every cent you've paid me and this \$5,000 to boot. I think you're getting off easy."

"If I am, I don't like the way you are badgering me out of it."

"That's the only way to get money out of you, Potter. You're closer than wax with your funds. I know you, and I have to act accordingly. Well, is this a deal or isn't it?"

"I suppose I'll have to agree. You'll take my check, won't you?"

"I'd rather have the bills in my hand, Potter. You're a pretty foxy old man."

"But I haven't got any money with me."

"I didn't suppose you had. To-morrow morning will do. I'll meet you at your bank. You can draw the \$5,000, hand it over to me and I'll give you the deed."

"I've got to go out of town early in the morning. I have a bank check with me, and I'll fill it out now. I'm good for more than \$5,000 at my bank."

"You might telephone your bank in the morning and stop payment before I got there," replied the lawyer.

"You ought to be able to trust me, Jerrock," replied Potter, with an injured look.

"I'm not in the habit of trusting anybody any further than I can see them."

"I'd like to settle the matter now."

"So would I."

"Then take the check."

"What guarantee can you give me that you won't stop it?"

"My word."

"You might change your mind in the morning. I'll tell you what I'll do. Give me the check and I'll hand over the deed to your housekeeper as soon as I get the money. You can tell her to meet me at the bank at ten in the morning."

"No, I want the deed now when I give you the check."

"That means you don't trust me, eh?"

"Why should I, when you won't trust me?" replied the old man, doggedly.

"Then send your check to the bank by your housekeeper and I'll give her the deed after the paying teller hands me the cash."

"I'd rather not. I don't want my housekeeper to have the deed."

"Can't you trust her, either? What a suspicious old chap you are!"

"I don't trust anybody but myself," answered Potter, in a sulky tone.

Jerrock considered a few minutes.

"Well, Potter, I'll take your check and chance it, but mind you, if you go back on me you'll never come into that property. Besides, I'll furnish evidence to convict you of conspiracy."

"You'll get your money," replied Caleb Potter, doggedly.

"I hope so. Here's a fountain pen. Write out your check."

"Hold the light for me," said the old rascal, walking over to the window sill.

Jerrock took up the wine bottle, followed him to the window and held it up with one hand while he held the deed behind him with the other.

It was then that the quick-witted Reuben saw his chance to recover the important document.

"Back me up, Bob," he whispered in his companion's ear.

Then he slipped into the room, followed by Bob, and glided up behind the wily lawyer.

Reaching out his hand, he seized the deed and snatched it from Jerrock's fingers.

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH REUBEN HOLDS THE WHIP HAND.

With an exclamation of surprise, Lawyer Jerrock wheeled around and confronted the two boys.

Caleb Potter, attracted by his ejaculation and sudden movement, looked, too.

He gave a gasp when his eyes rested on Reuben Hare, and his guilty conscience flew into his face.

Jerrock was utterly dumfounded, and for a moment he did not know what to say or do.

"Well, Mr. Jerrock," said Reuben, calmly, "how is it that I find the missing deed of my property in your hands? I think an explanation from you is in order."

"The missing deed to your property!" cried the lawyer. "I guess you must be crazy. That document you had the nerve to snatch out of my hand is the deed you would have got had you paid the \$1,500 due and taken title to this farm."

"As it happened I did pay the money, and Mr. Potter did hand me over this deed, I rather guess it does belong to me. It would have been recorded only for the job that you put upon Jonas Harvey. At any rate, I mean to have it recorded now, since I have been so fortunate as to recover it."

"Hand that paper back to me, Reuben Hare," demanded Jerrock.

"Not much. Now that I've got it, I'm going to hold it."

"If you take that away with you I'll have you arrested in the morning."

"All right. Have me arrested. Bob Horton and I heard a considerable part of your interview here with Mr. Potter. It isn't to the credit of either of you, and if we tell it in court, I'm thinking you and Mr. Potter will find yourselves in a pretty bad predicament. At any rate, it will furnish additional evidence against Mr. Potter at his trial for conspiracy to defraud. That's all I've got to say to-night, except to remind you that you're both trespassing on my property, so I'll wish you gentlemen good-night and pleasant dreams."

Thus speaking, Reuben backed toward the door and Bob covered his retreat.

Once outside the building, the boys slipped on their shoes again and beat a triumphant retreat from the locality.

"I guess you don't need a decision from the Appellate Court now," said Bob. "You've got your deed back, and Caleb Potter won't dare interfere with you taking actual possession of the land. If he did, you can make a pretty hot for him after what we saw and heard to-night."

"Yes, the game appears to be in my hands now. It was a rascally piece of business I was up against, but it's a great satisfaction to me to feel that I have beaten the conspirators to a standstill."

"Will Temple will be tickled to death when you hand him that deed."

"You can bet he will. Up to the day we won the case in the trial court he was more worried over the matter than

he would admit. He felt that he was personally responsible for the trouble that had come about through the loss of the deed by his clerk, and he knew that if Caleb Potter won out, I would lose a fortune that was in sight."

"He won't have any cause to worry longer over the case. I don't believe the judges of the Appellate Court will decide against you anyway, but if they should, I guess Caleb Potter won't take any further steps to deprive you of the farm."

The boys continued to discuss the situation until they parted in front of Reuben's cottage.

When Reuben reached his room he saw by the clock that it was half-past one.

"I guess this must be one of my lucky days," he said to himself. "I'll ring it on the calendar anyway, so as to keep it in mind."

Then he undressed and went to bed, feeling happier than he had for a long time.

Next morning he surprised his sister Barbara by producing the missing document, and explaining to her how it had come into his possession.

"My, but I'm glad that you got it back," she said. "What an old rascal Caleb Potter is to take your money and then try to cheat you out of the farm."

"He certainly is, sis; but he's reached the end of his tether with me."

"Are you going to prosecute him for conspiracy now that you have recovered the deed?"

"I can tell you better after I've had a talk with Will Temple on the subject. We've got a lot of evidence to bring against him, but still, I'm not sure that it's conclusive enough to convict him."

"What about the law clerk you had arrested for perjured testimony at the trial?"

"I guess I'll be able to pickle him, for Caleb Potter will hardly dare now go on the stand and swear that no money was paid him by me, or that he didn't hand me over the deed."

"You could prosecute him, for perjury, too, at the trial. He deserves to be punished as much as the lawyer's clerk, for he's just as guilty."

"Sure he is. Well, Will Temple shall decide what course to pursue against both of the rascals."

After breakfast Reuben hitched up his team and drove into town.

Will Temple had just reached his office when Reuben arrived.

"I've great news for you, Will," said the boy, with a beaming face.

"You look as if something had happened to put you in a fine humor," replied the young lawyer. "Sit down and tell me your news."

"Something has happened. I've got the deed back and there it is."

Reuben slapped the document down before his guardian and lawyer.

"There's the red Maltese cross I spoke to you about," said Reuben, pointing to the crossed smear of red ink under his name on the paper.

"How did you get hold of it?" asked Will.

"By the most wonderful accident in the world."

Reuben then told him the story of his night's adventure in company with Bob Horton.

"It is very fortunate that Bob was with you. Your story, uncorroborated, would not go for much, and Caleb Potter, backed by Jerrock, might try to make trouble out of the affair. But with Bob as a witness on your side, you've got them both dead to rights. They won't dare make a move to recover either the deed or the property. If the Appellate Court rendered a decision against you, a second trial of the suit, with such fresh evidence as we can bring forward, would snow Potter under, and show him up worse than ever."

While they were talking, Timothy Riggs appeared and handed a note to Temple.

It stated that Jerrock would like to see Reuben at his office as soon as possible on important business.

"I'll go over with you. Whatever Mr. Jerrock wishes to say to you I shall insist that he shall say it in my presence," said Will.

Accordingly, they went right over to Jerrock's office.

The lawyer objected to Will Temple being present at the proposed interview.

"Then no interview will take place between you and my client," replied Will, in a tone that showed he meant what he said.

"Wait a moment, then," replied Jerrock.

He retired to his private room, and after a minute or two, came to the door and beckoned his visitors in.

They found Caleb Potter there.

Jerrock acted as spokesman for the old man and himself.

He came right to the point without any unnecessary beating around the bush.

"Mr. Potter is willing to throw up his effort to recover Daisy Farm, and permit Reuben Hare to take undisputed possession provided the conspiracy proceedings against him are dropped," he said.

"Very kind in Mr. Potter, indeed," replied Temple, sarcastically. "It is rather late in the day for him to profess a change of heart. He has been beaten in court, and I have very little doubt but the verdict will be confirmed by the Court of Appeals. Seeing that things are dead against him, he wishes to crawl out of the criminal charge which his rascally actions have got him into. Perhaps you can tell me some good reason why we should let up on Mr. Potter? Only that we were able to produce our star witness in court the case would have gone against us. I think it has been a dirty piece of business all the way through, and those responsible for it ought to suffer."

"I admit that things look a little black against my client," replied Jerrock, "but I doubt if you would be able to convict him. Harvey's statement that Potter offered him a bribe cannot be corroborated, therefore, Potter's denial, whether true or not, will offset that charge. Harvey says he was assaulted and robbed of the deed, and that he was afterward taken to the farmhouse occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Bixby and there held a prisoner until he managed to make his escape. This cannot be proved, and is only held together by the flimsiest of circumstantial evidence. There is nothing to show that Harvey ever was at the farmhouse in question. The Bixbys both deny that he was there under any circumstances whatever. How then are you going to prove that he was? The fact that Reuben Hare saw him coming from the direction of the farm, hatless and coatless in the rain, is not conclusive evidence that he really did come from the farm. In respect to the assault, Harvey cannot show who was guilty of the alleged outrage. You cannot show that if the facts are as he stated that my client had any hand in it at all."

"You forget, Mr. Jerrock, that you said things last night in the old house on Daisy Farm which were overheard by Reuben and Bob Horton. You told Potter that he conspired to do Reuben out of the farm. You told him that after he got the money he tried to buy off Harvey. You also said that, failing in that, your clerk, Riggs, in accordance with a prearranged plan, put Harvey out of business long enough to carry him to the Bixby farmhouse in Potter's wagon. And you further said that Riggs in order to protect himself, took possession of the missing deed, and you offered to sell that deed to Potter last night for \$5,000. Suppose we use this against your client, what effect will it have on both him and yourself? How will the other members of the Bayvill bar regard such actions in you, a lawyer? I think, Mr. Jerrock, that you have placed yourself in a mighty bad fix, without speaking about your client's position in the matter at all," said Will Temple.

Jerrock turned color and appeared to be much disturbed.

"Can't this unfortunate affair be arranged?" he said.

"I don't see how it can be without placing my client in a bad light. It is contrary to law to compromise a crime of any kind."

"It's done every day for one consideration or another," replied Jerrock.

"I admit that it is, but that doesn't make it excusable."

"Then you mean to press the charges against my client, and also against my clerk?"

"That will require some consideration. Rather than draw you into a position that might disgrace you as a lawyer, it is possible we may let the case against Mr. Potter drop on the ground of insufficient evidence. If we do, we won't prosecute your clerk, as it would hardly be fair to punish him and let the chief rascal off."

"If you will act on that view, Mr. Temple, I will consider myself under lasting obligation to you. At any rate, your client will not be further interfered with in relation to his right to Daisy Farm. He may enter at once into possession, and do as he pleases with the property," said the lawyer.

That ended the interview, and Will Temple and Reuben returned to the former's office to consider whether they would drop matters against Caleb Potter and Timothy Riggs.

CHAPTER VIII.

PUTTING HIS PROPERTY ON THE MARKET.

Although Reuben and Will Temple felt no sympathy at all for Caleb Potter and Timothy Riggs, and were of the opinion that they fully deserved severe punishment for the part they had played in the conspiracy, they decided to let the charges against the two drop on Jerrock agreeing to withdraw his appeal from the verdict of the trial court.

The verdict was, therefore, duly recorded against Caleb Potter, and Reuben began making preparations to stake off his lots and lay out his streets on either side of the driveway on which work had already been begun.

Reuben was visited by representatives from the rival real estate and improvement companies, who tried to buy the farm from him just as it stood.

One company raised its former offer of \$15,000 to \$18,000, and the other company offered \$21,000.

The boy declined both offers, and set his surveyor at work at once.

A week later the two companies made him offers for all that part of his property fronting on both sides of the driveway, and extending back 200 feet therefrom in both directions.

Reuben refused to sell at any price they were willing to give, so the rival representatives had to give the matter up.

After the farm was surveyed, a map market out in lots and streets was prepared by the surveyor and the same duly filed in the county clerk's office.

A duplicate of this map was framed and displayed at the office of an energetic young real estate agent named J. I. Etchan, a friend of Reuben's and Temple's, who was given a contract to put the lots on the market.

All property along the driveway was to be sold subject to certain restrictions as to the character and cost of the buildings to be erected.

Furthermore, neither Reuben nor the rival real estate companies, nor any other holder of land along the line of the driveway, would sell less than two lots to one person, nor permit a house to be erected on a single lot.

The best plots were those that stood on the four corners of the driveway and the county road.

Two of these were owned by Reuben, and the opposite two by the mayor of Bayvill and another big town official.

Reuben reserved all his lots from the county road, on both sides of the driveway, for a distance of 400 feet, as he intended to hold onto them until the driveway was completed, which would more than double their value.

As the mayor and the other official had started to build handsome residences on their 100x100 corner plots, and intended to improve them to a large extent, this fact would also increase the value of Reuben's two corners to a large extent, and he had agreed with the two officials not to sell less than three lots on the two corners to any one person, and to specify in the deed that no house costing less than \$12,000 could be put up on either.

As soon as he was ready to put his lots in the market, he employed a carpenter to put up a big signboard near the corner of the county road, and hired a painter to decorate both sides of it with the following announcement:

BAYVILL BUILDING LOTS.

Buy a

Plot. NOW IS THE TIME to secure one of these building lots, 50x100, fronting on the NEW DRIVEWAY, at \$250 and upwards. Ten per cent. down, balance on taking title. A great opportunity.

INSIDE lots, 25x100, from \$100, according to location.

CORNERS, 50x100, from \$250.

ARE YOU AWAKE

to the magnificent opportunity NOW at your door? They are selling fast.

Write or phone to J. I. ETCHAN, Real Estate Agent, No. 112 Washington street, Bayvill, where a diagram of the property can be seen.

A similarly worded advertisement was inserted in two of the Bayvill daily newspapers, and soon Mr. Etchan had numerous callers as well as mail inquiries about the lots he had for sale.

The rival real estate companies were also busy on their own back, and so were other property owners along the new driveway who had not sold out to them.

The companies had the advantage over Reuben of capital to improve their property and push their enterprises, but Reuben had the advantage of location, for his land was nearer Bayvill and the trolley line, which naturally appealed to would-be purchasers who wanted to build and live along the new driveway.

Reuben's business rivals printed larger and more glowing advertisements in the papers, and employed a small army of agents to conduct applicants to and over their lots.

They were soon doing a land office business, but still they were not satisfied.

The officials of both companies were sore because they had failed to gobble up Reuben's property, which they recognized as the cream of lots on the driveway.

Their jealousy was further aroused by the fact that the boy was selling inside lots cheaper than they were offering theirs.

As a matter of fact, Reuben was asking all he considered the property was worth in its unimproved state, while the rival companies and their imitators were soaking the public for every cent they thought intending purchasers would stand.

In order to get back at Reuben they stationed men in the immediate neighborhood of his property whose business it was to try and switch possible buyers away from the Daisy Farm lots to the lots the companies had in the market.

This unfair scheme hurt Reuben at first, but the rival agents soon got scrapping among themselves over lot seekers, each side trying to secure the lion's share of the people so that Reuben, after a consultation with Will Temple, complained to the police.

Officers were sent on the scene and several arrests followed.

Reuben prosecuted the agents in court both for trespass and disorderly conduct, and had them fined and jailed.

The companies came to the aid of their agents, but had to pay heavy fines to get them off.

This, of course, added to the animosity they entertained for Reuben, and so they determined to try and get square with him some other way.

Having sold quite a number of the driveway lots under a guarantee that certain indicated improvements would be made free of cost to the purchasers, Reuben started men at work to fix things up.

One afternoon Reuben tied his mare in front of the old shack that he and Bob visited the night he got possession of the deed, and which was situated at the far end of his property on the county road, about a quarter of a mile from the line of the new driveway.

Then he started to walk across to where several of his men were at work leveling off one of the streets.

When he was halfway he heard the sound of chopping in the direction of the corner of the road and the driveway.

This was where his signboard was erected.

A rise in the land hid the board from his sight.

He was puzzled to account for the sound he heard, for he had nobody at work at the corner.

Curious to learn the cause of the chopping sounds, he altered his course and headed for the corner.

When he came in sight of his advertisement he was dumbfounded to see two men in the act of chopping it down.

That was a little too much for him to stand, so he made a dash forward to interfere in the proceedings.

The men were too busy to observe his approach, and did not become aware of his presence till he rushed up and grabbed hold of the implement one of them was wielding with considerable effect on the signboard.

Then it was that Reuben recognized the man as a disreputable farmhand called Ben Bagley, who spent most of his time in ginmills. The other was a stranger.

"Let go that ax!" snarled Bagley.

"No, I won't," replied Reuben stoutly. "You've no right to chop that sign down."

"Shut up, or I'll knock your block off."

At that moment Will Temple and his sister drove up in a buggy.

CHAPTER IX.

A TRICK OF THE ENEMY.

"What's the trouble, Reuben?" asked the young lawyer, reining in his horse.

"I caught these men at work chopping down my sign-board," replied the boy. "You can see they've done considerable damage to it."

"What do you mean by trying to cut that sign down, Bagley?" asked Temple sharply. "Don't you know that we can have you arrested for malicious mischief?"

Bagley, who was about two-thirds intoxicated, glared at Temple.

"I got orders to chop that sign down and I'm goin' to do it," he snarled.

"Who gave you such orders?"

"None of your business."

"Now look here, my man, you'll drop that ax and go about your business or I'll hand you over to an officer," said Temple sternly.

"I'll drop nothin'. You two go about yer own business or there'll be somethin' doin' yer won't like," retorted Bagley, in an ugly tone.

Will Temple sprang out of the buggy.

"Drive over to our men yonder and send them here," he said to his sister.

As Fay Temple touched the horse up the young lawyer walked up to Bagley and grabbed the handle of the ax which Reuben had let go. The other man ran away.

Bagley attempted to raise the implement to hit out at Temple when Reuben seized him by the arm.

The ruffian was as strong as he was ugly, and made a desperate resistance, so that Reuben and Will had their hands full trying to restrain him.

He swore like a trooper and threatened to kill them both if he could get the chance to use the ax.

The appearance of four of the laborers on the scene soon altered matters.

Bagley was overpowered, though not without a great deal of trouble.

Reuben then brought his light wagon to the corner.

The ruffian was bound hand and foot with rope and tossed into the vehicle.

"I'll take him to the police station and be back in about half an hour," said Reuben to Will.

The young lawyer nodded and got into his buggy which his sister had brought back.

Reuben carried his prisoner to town, turned him over to the police and charged him with malicious mischief and assault.

He was locked up, Reuben telling the officer in charge that he and Will Temple would appear against him at the police court in the morning.

This they did, and they found a lawyer on hand prepared to defend the rascal.

The magistrate held him on the testimony of Reuben and Temple for trial and fixed his bail at \$1,500.

This was furnished after the young lawyer and Reuben left the court and he was released.

After reviewing the circumstances of the case, both Reuben and Will came to the conclusion that some enemy had employed the two men to cut the sign down.

Naturally they suspected that an emissary of one of the rival companies was at the back of the matter.

"Nobody else would have any interest in destroying my sign," said Reuben.

Will nodded.

"Depend on it, they are following you up. They want to get back at you for putting their agents in jail lately," he said.

"If I could only connect them with this outrage, I'd make them sweat."

"I'll take the thing in hand and see what I can find out," said Will. "Bagley realizes by this time that he's in a bad box. I'll see him. Maybe I can get him to confess."

"How do you think you can manage it?"

"I'll promise to get him out of the scrape if he'll tell who hired him to do such a contemptible piece of work."

"Suppose he won't tell?"

"Then all we can do is to press the matter against him and have him punished, as he deserves."

After the conversation Will Temple visited the jail to see Bagley, and then learned that he had been released on bail.

Nobody but some one of means who was vitally interested in saving Bagley from the consequences of his acts would have interfered in his behalf, for the ruffian had no friends able or willing to go bail for him.

That fact removed the last doubt that the young lawyer might have entertained as to a second party being behind the rascal.

He made a strong effort to discover Bagley's whereabouts, but failed.

He judged, therefore, that the person who had supplied the bail had sent the rascal out of town, probably for good, preferring to sacrifice the \$1,500 rather than run the risk of Bagley making a confession after he was convicted.

When Reuben heard Will's report, he said:

"The attempt to cut my sign down has proved a rather expensive piece of dirty work to the party who put Bagley up to it."

"It would seem so if they intend to lose that \$1,500 rather than permit him to face certain conviction," answered Will.

"The moment I saw a lawyer appear in his behalf at the examination I felt sure there was a colored man in the woodpile. Bagley never could have hired a lawyer himself. He's little better than a vagrant. Well, I must keep my eyes open all the time, for my business rivals seem determined to do me up in some way if they can. However, I don't see how they can beat me in the long run. The only thing they can do is to place obstacles in my way while I am trying to sell my lots; but I'm bound to sell them just the same in spite of anything they can do to stop me."

"You've got a good man in Etchan," said Will. "He told me that he has been approached on several occasions by persons who offered him good money to throw up his contract with you, but he sent them away with a flea in their ear."

"The trouble with those two real estate companies is that they're hoggish. They've got hold of at least a third of the property along the driveway, and are making a good thing out of it; but they're not satisfied. They want to force me into selling out to them."

"That's because you've got the best and most valuable part of the land along this end of the driveway."

"All the more reason why I should hold on to it until I can get my price."

"There is certainly a fortune in the Daisy Farm under present conditions. If you can make twice as much out of it by selling it piecemeal yourself as you are doing, there is no reason why you shouldn't do it. We've beaten the opposition on both occasions, assuming as we may fairly do that the Bagley matter is one of their tricks, so I think they'll be more careful what move they take against you next."

"If they're wise they'll quit such crooked work, for should we nail them at it, it's likely to go hard with them."

The bulk of the money he received from the sale of the lots along the drive he put into improvements that he had guaranteed to make.

He opened up three streets through the farm which crossed the drive at distances of 400 feet, and had two gangs of laborers at work laying out the cross streets from the county road to the end of his property on both sides of the drive which was now nearly completed as far as his property ran.

The work he had thus far accomplished greatly helped the sale of his inside lots, and they began to go much quicker than similar lots offered by his rivals.

The newspapers naturally helped to boom the driveway property in return for the advertising patronage they were getting.

They favored the big real estate companies because they got more advertising from them; but Reuben advertised as extensively as he could afford, for publicity was essential to his success.

He was constantly on the ground directing the work and helping to sell the lots, and Fay Temple often drove out to see him when her brother was too busy to come himself.

"A year from now this property won't look much like a farm," she said to him one day as they were standing watching the laborers at their work.

"I'll bet it won't," he replied. "We'll have a score or more residences going up before then."

"It must be costing you a lot of money to put this place into shape."

"It is, and I may say I have hardly begun; but I'll get it all back in the end and a big profit on top. This farm cost me \$2,000, as you know, which was dirt cheap. Either of those real estate companies would pay me \$20,000 to-day if I was willing to let them take it off my hands as it is."

"Then you expect to make much more than \$20,000."

"I do. I have 1,600 feet along each side of the drive, exclusive of the space given up to the three streets. That represents 64 fifty-foot lots. I shall sell them for \$25,000, or an average price, including corners, of \$400 each. Then

I have 100 fifty-foot lots along the county road that should bring me in \$25,000 more. The inside lots, of which there are 1,080 on the map, 126 of which are corner lots, will fetch ultimately over \$200,000, so my gross receipts will be at least \$250,000. I expect to have to spend at least \$100,000 putting the land in shape and \$25,000 in commissions and other expenses, including advertising. Altogether, I figure on making anywhere from \$100,000 to \$150,000 profit, counting on a slight increase in value of the unsold lots a year from now."

"My gracious!" exclaimed Fay. "How is it possible that a small farm which you bought for \$2,000 can be made to represent so much money?"

"As a farm, and before the driveway was thought of, it wasn't worth more than \$2,500 at the outside. Putting the driveway through it made all the difference in the world. It not only increased its immediate value as land tenfold, but it opened up all the possibilities of a regular real estate boom which I am taking advantage of. But you see, it takes money to make money. Streets had to be opened into the driveway, and cross streets have to be put through into the county road. The cross ones, that will run parallel with the driveway, 200 feet apart, I'll call avenues, the others, 400 feet apart, streets. It is impossible for me to tell you all about the other improvements that have to be made in order to make the place attractive to the would-be purchaser of one or more lots. Mr. Etchan can explain such matters better than I, and if you are curious to learn all about what has to be done here, why call at his office and ask him to give you an idea of it."

"How long will it take to sell all your lots?"

"Ask me something easy, Miss Fay," laughed Reuben. "I guess it will take a good while; but I'm young, and not in a hurry to get rich too quick. My lots once laid out won't run away. My taxes won't be so heavy, as I expect to get rid of the most valuable lots, those on the driveway and county road, within a year. The rest of the property will come under the head of the farm tax, which will let me down easy."

On the day following the foregoing conversation, a representative of one of the real estate companies called on Reuben and submitted a new proposition to him.

The company offered to take him into their fold, on the basis of \$10,000 cash and \$50,000 in stock at a par value of \$1 a share, fully paid up and non-assessable.

He would be elected on the board of directors and made vice-president.

The bait was rather enticing, but it didn't catch our hero worth a cent.

He preferred to go it alone and take his own chances of ultimate success.

CHAPTER X.

THE LETTER FROM MR. GOLDING.

The other real estate company must have got wind somehow of the proposition made to Reuben by its rival, for the president called on the boy and offered him \$25,000 in cash and \$40,000 in the company's stock if he would come in with that corporation.

Reuben respectfully declined to do so.

The gentleman looked disappointed.

"I don't see how you expect to get along and sell your lots without money enough to make the necessary improvements," he said.

"I'm making improvements right along, sir," replied Reuben.

"Yes, after a fashion. What you want is capital to be able to get a move on. Come in with us and you'll get the benefit of our capital and our organized force of agents. You'll draw more profit in dividends than you'll ever make by going ahead along our present lines, and you won't have the worry and bother of a large proposition on your hands."

"I'm satisfied with the way things are going on with respect to my property, Mr. Golding. As your company seems to be making a good thing with the land you have, why need you or the other gentlemen connected with you bother about me? I am not nineteen yet, and can afford to take my time with this land speculation. I bought the farm low and can't very well lose anything. I consider this property is worth to me \$100,000 to-day. A year from now it ought to be worth more. If you offered me \$100,000 cash I might consider it, but nothing less than that."

"I have made you a splendid offer—practically \$65,000, for our stock is worth \$1 a share if it is worth a cent."

"If you offered me the whole thing in cash, with \$10,000 more added, I should still refuse, Mr. Golding. I have already had propositions from Bayvill capitalists to form an independent real estate and improvement company, but have turned them down. I have determined on my own course of action and mean to carry it through, so there is really nothing more to be said on the subject."

President Golding saw there was nothing to be gained by prolonging the interview, so he wished Reuben good-day and took his leave.

Shortly after this Bob Horton meeting Reuben at his cottage told him that he had heard that one of the real estate companies had bought a section of the farm adjoining the southerly half of Reuben's property, and that it was proposed to put up a fertilizer plant on the property.

"Of course, if they do such a thing as that, they can have only one object, and that is to hurt the sale of a good part of your land," said Bob. "The moment the fact is published in the papers, it is bound to injure you."

"That's right," replied Reuben, gravely. "It would injure me a good deal. I never thought I'd be up against such a proposition as that."

"Those two companies are making every effort to put you out of the business and get hold of your land. If one of them should succeed in doing you, it will have a pretty fight on with its rival. They are both working against you now, but if you were wiped out, they'd fly at each other's throats. As it is, their agents are always scrapping, and trying all kinds of schemes to corral one another's customers."

"I never thought there was so much selfishness and underhand tactics in the world as I've found out since I started selling lots," said Reuben. "You can talk all you want to about competition being the life of trade, but it can be carried too far. I will tell Will to-morrow about this new scheme to injure me, and see what plan, if any, he can suggest for offsetting it."

Accordingly, he carried the news to the young lawyer early next morning.

Will Temple was rather staggered by the intelligence.

"What evidence, besides Bob's word, have you that it's true?" he said.

"None."

"Well, I'll look into it and see what it amounts to."

"There has been no hint of such a thing in the newspapers yet, and what escapes the reporters isn't worth mentioning."

"How did Bob hear about the matter?"

"The helper on his father's farm told him."

"And how did he get the news?"

"I couldn't tell you."

"There may be no truth in it. Let us hope there isn't. I'll investigate and let you know what I learn."

The young lawyer looked up the real estate transfers of recent date, but could find no indication that Farmer Owens, who owned the farm adjoining Reuben's property, had sold any part of his farm to one of the real estate companies, or in fact, anybody else.

During the afternoon he drove out to the farmer and asked him about it.

Farmer Owens denied that he had made any deal involving a portion or the whole of his property, or that he had any intention of doing so.

Feeling much relieved, Will Temple stopped to see Reuben on the way back.

Reuben was delighted to learn that there was no foundation to the report, and wondered who had started the rumor and why he had done so.

Next morning after Reuben left the cottage, a letter addressed him and marked "Important," was left by the carrier at the cottage.

Barbara Hare carried it over to the Horton farm and asked Bob if he would take it to her brother.

"You'll find him at the Daisy Farm superintending the men who are laying out the streets," she said.

"I'll take it to him," said Bob, eager to oblige the fair Barbara.

He saddled a horse and galloped down to the Daisy Farm in a short space of time.

"Hello, Bob," said Reuben, when his friend approached him. "come to inspect our progress?"

"No. Your sister asked me to bring this letter to you. It arrived by the morning's mail."

"Thanks, old man," replied Reuben, taking it. "Your kindness is duly appreciated. I'll remember you in my will when I make one, which won't be till I'm old enough to vote."

He tore open the envelope and glanced over the short note, which was written on the printed letterhead of the Bayvill & Waverly Real Estate Corporation.

The communication appeared to be from President Golding, and requested Reuben to meet him at the office of his lawyer, No. — Madison street, in town, at five o'clock that day, as he wished to see him on a matter of importance.

"I don't understand why he should want to interview me again," said the boy, aloud.

"Who is that?" asked Bob.

"Mr. Golding, president of the Bayvill & Waverly Real Estate Corporation. He called on me a few days ago and submitted a proposition which I turned down."

"Probably he wants to do better," suggested Bob.

"His offer was to take me and my property into his company in return for \$25,000 cash and \$40,000 worth of the company's stock."

"Which you wouldn't accept?"

"Of course I wouldn't."

"Neither would I if I were in your shoes."

"I told him plainly enough that \$100,000 in cash was the lowest offer I would listen to."

"Maybe he wants to take you up."

"It isn't likely. He told me that such a figure as I mentioned was entirely out of the question."

"Well, you're going to call on him anyway, aren't you?"

"I suppose I'll have to, though I don't see what good it will do. I'm not at all anxious to sell out. I take a great deal of interest in this business, and I'm doing pretty well at it, all things considered."

"I think you are myself. I consider you a mighty lucky chap."

Bob then said he'd have to return home as he had considerable work on hand to do for his father, so, mounting his horse, he rode off.

Reuben returned to his cottage at half-past twelve for dinner as usual.

He showed his sister the letter he had received, and said he would meet the president of the company that afternoon, though in his opinion it was a waste of time on both their parts, since he didn't believe the company would find it profitable to pay him more than half of what he wanted.

Five minutes before five Reuben ascended the stairway of an office building on Madison street.

The office of the lawyer that the letter directed him to call at was on the fourth or top floor of the building, in the rear.

Judging from the building and the style in which the man's name was lettered on the glass of the door, the boy sized him up as a "cheap skate," and wondered why Mr. Golding had appointed the meeting at such a place instead of at the offices of the company on Washington street.

However, he figured that the president of the real estate company had his reasons, so he knocked on the door.

"Come in," said a voice, and Reuben entered the room.

He was surprised to note that the room was bare of everything but two common chairs, occupied by two men, whose faces were not at all attractive.

They were smoking cigars and did not appear to have any particular business on hand.

Reuben looked rather doubtfully about the room.

He didn't like the looks of the men nor the appearance of the office.

"I guess I've got into the wrong place," he said, making a move to retire.

"Who are you lookin' for?" asked one of the men.

"Mr. William Golding."

"Is your name Reuben Hare?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Golding is expectin' you. He's in the next room with Lawyer Brady. Go right in. This here room ain't fixed up yet as Brady is only just movin' in," said the man, with a peculiar grin.

He pointed to a door at the other end of the room as he spoke.

"Hadn't you better tell Mr. Golding that I'm here?" said Reuben.

"Jim," said the man, turning to his companion, "go to the door and tell Mr. Goldin' that his caller is here."

Jim got up, and poking his head in at the door, said something to somebody inside the room.

"You're to go in," he said, turning and beckoning to Reuben.

The boy crossed the outer room and entered the inner office.

Two men with bushy beards stood near the door, which was immediately slammed behind the young visitor.

Neither of the men was Mr. Golding.

In fact, that gentleman was not in the room.

The place was also unfurnished except for a couple of chairs and a table.

"I thought Mr. Golding was in here," said Reuben, not liking the look of things.

"Mr. Golding will be in here presently. He just stepped into that room," and the speaker jerked his thumb toward another door. "Sit down and make yourself at home. Have a cigar?" offering one.

"Thank you, I don't smoke," replied Reuben, seating himself beside the table, but not feeling particularly easy in his mind over the situation.

The comparatively bare rooms, the four men whose behavior seemed somewhat sinister, and the absence of Mr. Golding, all conspired to arouse his suspicion that things were not quite right.

CHAPTER XI.

IN A TRAP AND OUT.

"Now I think we'll get down to business," said the man who had spoken before, seating himself opposite Reuben.

"Business!" ejaculated the boy, surprised at the turn affairs were taking.

"Exactly. We didn't send for you just to look at you."

"It was Mr. Golding who sent for me," returned Reuben.

"Mr. Golding's name was signed to the letter because you know him and you don't know us. When one angles he uses bait best suited to catch the kind of fish he is after."

"What do you mean? Didn't Mr. Golding write that letter?"

"Hardly. I had the honor of writing it myself."

"Then it was a forgery?"

"You can call it what you please."

"Since you admit it was not sent to me by Mr. Golding, I see no need of me remaining here any longer," said Reuben, getting up.

"Sit down; I want to talk with you."

"Under the circumstances I prefer not to have anything to do with you."

"Your preferences will have to yield to our wishes."

"Do you mean to say that you insist on my remaining whether I want to or not?"

"That's about the size of it."

"I won't do it. I'm not accustomed to being bulldozed."

"Don't act like a fool. There are four of us here, and you can't get out of this room unless we choose to let you. Understand?"

"What's your object in all this, and who are you?"

"Sit down and take things coolly, then you'll learn what our business with you is and who we are."

Reuben saw that he was in a bad predicament.

Even if he was strong enough to get the better of the two men in the room, there were the other two in the room beyond to be considered.

He couldn't reach the corridor without passing them, and the chances of doing so were against him.

Clearly he had been trapped for some purpose, and he concluded to make the best of a bad job and find out what these men expected to get out of him.

Pulling the chair away from the table so as to face both men, he sat down.

"That's right," said the spokesman. "A sensible person never tires to butt against a stone wall. It is ever so much better to walk around it—if he can. Now, Reuben Hare, you are the owner, through a guardian, of a very fine piece of real estate, known as the Daisy Farm, situated at the junction of the county road and the new driveway. Several good offers have been made to you by interested parties to induce you to consent to the transfer of that property. You have seen fit to turn them down, and you are trying to sell the land in lots at a price that you think will make a fortune for you. I believe I have stated the case correctly."

Reuben looked at the speaker but made no reply.

"Now you are a boy entirely inexperienced in land speculation, therefore the chances are that your enterprise will end in a fizzle. We are four thoroughly experienced real estate boomers. If we took hold of your property we could make the lots go like hot cakes, many of them at higher prices than you are offering them for. After looking the farm over we decided to make you a proposition. It is this: Take us in with you. Half the profit on all sales to be divided among us, the other half to go to you. I have drawn a contract up to that effect and it only awaits your signature to make it binding on the five of us. There it is. Look it over and see if it isn't just the thing to put the dough into your pocket as well as ours."

The speaker opened the drawer of the table, took out a filled-in printed form of contract and offered it to Reuben.

The boy made no effort to take it.

"I don't care to look at it," he said, curtly.

"Why not?" asked the other, sharply.

"Because I'm not interested in your scheme. I am working my real estate proposition to suit myself, and don't need any help from outsiders, other than my authorized agent, Mr. Etchan, to sell my lots," he answered.

"Oh, you don't," sneered the other. "Judging from the way your lots are selling, it will be a mighty long time before you make your salt."

"You seem to think you know a lot about my business, but you don't know anything. My lots are going off as fast as any other lots along the driveway."

"I do not propose to argue this matter. We didn't send for you to organize a debating society. We sent for you to make a contract with you."

"Then you might have saved your time and the postage stamp you wasted on the letter, for I don't care to sign any such contract as you propose."

"I think you'll sign it before we get through with you," said the other, darkly.

"Do you mean that as a threat?"

"You can take it as such if you choose."

"What are you going to do?"

"That's our business."

"You are beginning to show yourselves in your true characters, I see."

"You have a good thing in sight and we propose to participate in it."

"You won't participate with my consent."

"We brought you here to win your consent, and we propose to do it."

The speaker spread out the contract on the table, then he opened the drawer again and took out a pen and a small ink bottle.

"Draw up to the table, read the contract and sign it," he said, in a sharp tone.

"I will not. I defy you to make me."

"Harper, open the door and tell Hickey and Mann to step in here," said the leading spirit of the enterprise.

Reuben sprang on his feet, fully determined to fight his way out of the trap if he could.

"Sit down!" said the leader, covering the boy with a revolver he had taken from the drawer.

Reuben started back, for he hadn't calculated on this display of force.

As he laid his hand on the back of his chair, a plan that involved a desperate chance flashed through his brain.

His farm training had made him strong and wiry, and he was naturally courageous.

"Put your weapon down, then," he replied, gripping the back of the chair firmly with his fingers.

"There," replied the leader, laying the revolver on the table and motioning to his companion to open the door according to his previous directions.

The moment the man took his hand from the weapon, Reuben, with a mighty effort, suddenly lifted and swung the chair around and flung it at the rascal.

The fellow, taken completely off his guard, could not avoid the chair as it came at him like a stone from a catapult.

It struck him on the side and sent him staggering nearly a yard back from the table.

This was what the boy had calculated on.

He sprang forward, seized the revolver and retreated.

At that moment the other two men entered the room.

"Stand away from that door," cried Reuben, in a tense tone, covering them with the weapon. "If you try to stop me from passing out, I'll shoot you as sure as you stand

there. You have trapped me in this room, but now that I hold the upper hand, you will stop me leaving the place at your risk."

As Reuben made a step forward, they backed away from the door, leaving the way open for him to pass out.

CHAPTER XII.

REUBEN GOES ON A MISSION.

He crossed the outer room at a rapid pace, for he was not looking for further trouble with the four schemers, and letting himself out into the corridor, he made for the stairs and ran down to the street.

Once on the sidewalk he breathed freely and congratulated himself on his escape.

His horse and light wagon stood tied to a tree where he had left them an hour before.

Mounting to the seat, and tossing the revolver under it, he drove off toward town.

Reuben's sister was surprised and indignant when he told her what he had been up against, and she said he ought to have the men arrested without delay.

"They'll probably expect me to put the police onto them, and will skip the town in order to avoid arrest," he replied. "I'm going to call on Mr. Golding and show him the letter with his signature forged to it. Probably he'll want to take a hand in the matter too."

Bob came over that evening, more to see Barbara than Reuben, and he was astonished when his friend told him about the strenuous experience which the letter had led him into.

"You had the time of your life giving those fellows the slip," laughed Bob. "Did you put the police onto them?"

"No; I was in a hurry to get back home, and, besides, I hadn't made up my mind what to do. To tell you the honest truth, I was so glad to get away from them that I didn't think of anything else at the time. I'll put the matter before Will in the morning and do as he advises. I also mean to call on Mr. Golding in relation to the letter. It's a serious matter, I should think, to sign another man's name to a letter that he didn't write, particularly when it is meant for a decoy."

"They must be acquainted with somebody in Golding's office, for the letter was written on one of his company's letter headings," said Bob.

"It would seem so. I imagine one of them at least has acted as a selling agent for the Golding company."

Barbara having finished her work, joined the boys, much to Bob's satisfaction, and the conversation took a different turn.

Immediately after breakfast Reuben started for Will's house and got there before the young lawyer was ready to start for his office.

His story of his previous afternoon's adventure created quite a sensation when he narrated it to Will and Fay.

The young lawyer declared that it was an outrage, and that the police must be notified without delay.

He put on his hat and, getting into Reuben's wagon, they drove to police headquarters where the boy told his story.

A couple of detectives were sent out to look the men up, Reuben furnishing them with pretty accurate descriptions of the rascals.

Will and Reuben then called on Mr. Golding.

Reuben handed the president of the real estate company the letter he had received bearing his signature, and explained how it had come to him; how he had kept the supposed appointment in good faith, and what happened to him in consequence.

Mr. Golding said he had not written the letter, and that his signature was a bogus one.

He said he had no idea of the identity of the men, even after Reuben described them to him, and was sure they had never worked for his company.

Reuben carried Will as far as his office and then went on to the farm after paying Agent Etchan a short visit.

Before Reuben went home for dinner he was interviewed by a reporter from each of the two afternoon papers, and his story was duly written up and printed.

As the police failed to capture even one of the four schemers, Reuben came to the natural conclusion that they had left Bayvill for parts unknown.

During the summer Reuben, as well as the rival real estate companies, sold many of the choice lots fronting on the driveway, and quite a number of the inside lots.

It was about this time that Etchan received a letter from a wealthy gentleman in a neighboring city asking for information about driveway property.

The writer wanted a plot with a frontage of 200 feet on the new road, and with a depth of 200 feet back to the avenue, the same to include two corners—in fact, he wanted half of a block, consisting of four double lots on the driveway, and eight single lots back of them.

Reuben had several such plots still unsold, and his agent advised him to make a personal visit to the gentleman, whose name was Thompson, with a diagram of the property, and do his best to sell what he seemed to want.

Accordingly, our hero packed his grip and started for Quincy by rail.

If Reuben figured he had a clear field before him he was mistaken.

The gentleman had written similar letters to the two rival companies asking for information, and the sales manager of each company despatched one of his best agents to hook so desirable a customer.

It happened that Reuben and the two agents took the same train out of Bayvill.

They also had seats in the same drawing-room car, and it wasn't long before they recognized one another.

Naturally each suspected that the other's mission was identical with his own, though he wasn't sure of it.

The agents came together right off in a social way and began sparring for information, but it was a case of diamond cut diamond between them.

Reuben held aloof from them as he didn't care for their companionship for many reasons.

He wasn't allowed to rest in peace, however.

When they found they could make no headway with each other, one of them cut loose and came over to the owner of the Daisy Farm property.

"Why, how do you do, Hare?" he said, in a jovial tone, holding out his hand to Reuben. "This is an unexpected surprise to meet you on the railroad. Where are you bound?"

"I beg your pardon, but you have the advantage of me," replied the boy, affecting dense ignorance of the other's identity.

"Advantage of you!" ejaculated the Golding agent. "Why, you must know me. My name is Bronson. I'm with the Bayvill & Waverly Real Estate Corporation. You've seen me along the driveway a hundred times or more."

"Perhaps I have, Mr. Bronson, but really I see so many people every day in that neighborhood that you can hardly expect me to single you out from the rest."

"Oh, come now, Hare, you're giving me a jolly. You know me all right, only you don't want to let on. I suppose you're going to Quincy on business connected with your property."

"I presume you have the right to suppose what you choose, Mr. Bronson, but it doesn't follow that your presumption is correct," smiled Reuben.

"Well, you are going to Quincy, aren't you?"

"May I ask why you are so anxious to know my destination?"

"I merely asked, that's all. I have a little business in that city myself, and it would be kind of jolly if we were to put up at the same hotel. I've often been in Quincy and would be glad to post you if you are unfamiliar with the place."

"Thank you. You are very kind, Mr. Bronson."

"Don't mention it. By the way, do you know Gregson?"

That was the name of the other agent, who represented the Driveway Realty Co.

Reuben knew the man by sight, but didn't care to admit the fact.

"Gregson!" he said. "No, I haven't the honor of his acquaintance."

"He's one of the agents of the Driveway Realty Co. Come over and I'll introduce you. He's a good fellow, and is going to Quincy, too."

Reuben, however, said he felt very comfortable where he was and he guessed he wouldn't move for the present.

Bronson laughed, and then began inquiring how the Daisy Farm lots were selling.

"We're doing very well. I haven't any complaint to make," replied Reuben.

"Had any outside inquiries for lots?" asked the agent.

"Yes, quite a number."

"So have we. I'm going to see several parties in Quincy who have written us. One in particular, a man named Johnson, who wants four lots. Perhaps this Johnson has also written to you?"

"No. Haven't heard from such a gentleman."

Bronson mentioned the fictitious Johnson merely for the purpose of drawing Reuben out, but he failed in his object. Finally, the agent returned to Gregson.

They talked for some time together, after which they adjourned to the smoking compartment where they drank each other's healths out of a pocket flask of whisky produced by Gregson.

At that moment the car, which was traveling at the rate of fifty miles an hour, suddenly left the track and whirled over on its side, coming to a stop with a tremendous concussion that flung the passengers and everything movable from their places.

The car behind, the last one of the train, took a flying leap, and landing on top of it, crashed down through the roof and splintered sides.

Then ensued a pandemonium of horror.

CHAPTER XIII.

REUBEN MAKES HIMSELF USEFUL.

The transition from life, tranquillity and apparent safety to a scene of confusion and death was as brief as it was unexpected.

The snapping of a faulty carwheel axle was the cause of the accident which overwhelmed the last two cars of the train.

Reuben Hare and the two agents were among those who were caught in the shapeless wreck of the undermost drawing-room car.

The boy was about the only one who, in some miraculous way, escaped without a scratch, though he lay prostrate and dazed in the passageway between the seats with a mass of splintered woodwork arched above his body within a foot of his face.

The two agents, although not fatally hurt, had not escaped entirely.

Bronson's arm was broken, while Gregson's leg was badly sprained, and both were cut by pieces of glass.

They were penned into the demoralized smoking apartment by the twisted door, and even had they been physically able, they could not have got out by their own efforts.

When Reuben pulled himself together somewhat and began to realize the awful nature of the catastrophe, his ears were saluted with the shrieks and moans of the injured and dying.

For some moments he lay perfectly still, fearing that the least move might bring down on him the wooden mass above, which was a portion of the car roof.

It would be difficult to analyze his feelings at that moment.

The experience would have driven many people frantic.

Reuben, however, was naturally cool in emergencies, and as soon as he thought he saw the chance to extricate himself from his perilous position by using ordinary caution and good judgment, he proceeded to do so.

He worked himself out at the upper end of the smashed roof and found the broken forward doorway of the car before him.

As he crawled along the passage he heard exclamations of pain coming from the smoking apartment.

Looking through a splintered fracture he recognized the two agents lying huddled up on the floor, pale as death.

Reuben tried to push the shattered door in far enough to reach them, but he couldn't budge it by the mere strength of his arms.

Finding that he could not aid the two young men, he kept on as far as the platform and jumped off onto the roadbed.

Reuben seized a heavy stick of hard wood and returned to the front of the drawing-room car to endeavor to smash in the door of the smoking compartment and rescue Bronson and Gregson.

It was a job that took every ounce of his strength to accomplish, but he managed to smash an opening in the door large enough to help the two agents drag themselves through.

Bronson tried to mutter his thanks, but the pain his arm gave him prevented him from uttering more than a few indistinct words.

Reuben assisted him off the platform and returned for Gregson.

That young man lay in the passage in a dead faint.

The boy seized him around the body and carried him on to the platform, where another passenger helped carry him to a shady spot by the side of the road where several wounded people were already stretched out moaning and crying for a doctor.

By this time the locomotive with the rest of the train was backing up to the scene of the disaster.

As soon as the conductor saw what had happened he called for volunteers from among the passengers, and sent the locomotive and mail car ahead to Quincy, only five miles away, for a corps of doctors and a wrecking crew.

Fortunately, there were two physicians on the train, and they did the best they could till the others came later on.

Reuben, after leaving Bronson and Gregson in the shade, turned in and worked like a young Trojan to relieve the other sufferers.

Among the last that he came upon was a finely-dressed, florid complexioned man of fifty years, whom he found pinned down under a seat.

Reuben, at great personal risk, moved enough of the debris away to enable him to help the gentleman out of his perilous position.

Finally he had the satisfaction of assisting the man out of the car altogether.

He was lame and sore, but not otherwise hurt.

Considering the situation in which the boy found him, his escape from death, or at least fatal injury, seemed absolutely miraculous.

"I'm very grateful to you, young man, for saving my life," he said, as Reuben helped him to a spot under a shade tree, "and I shan't forget it."

"You are welcome, sir, to what I did for you. It was my duty to do all I could to get you out of the terrible position in which I found you," replied the boy.

"Tell me your name and where you live," said the gentleman, taking out his notebook and a pencil.

"Reuben Hare and I live in Bayvill, nearly 100 miles from here."

"My name is Henry Thompson. I live in Quincy. There is my card. I connected with this unfortunate train at Clifford Junction, ten miles back."

Reuben glanced at the card and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, Mr. Thompson, I was on my way to see you."

"To see me!" the gentleman ejaculated, regarding the boy intently.

"Yes, sir. About the driveway property in the Bayvill neighborhood that you asked information about in your letter to Mr. Etchan, my agent."

"Ah, indeed. I remember I wrote to two real estate companies, and also to an agent, in Bayvill, about the property. Then you represent Mr. Etchan?"

"No, sir; Mr. Etchan represents me. I am the owner of the Daisy Farm section of the driveway, the very best suburban property near Bayvill. I came on to see you personally about the land, as a letter, however clear, would fall far short of an interview. I shall be glad to talk to you about it after we reach the city."

"Well, you will come to my home and stay over night. I couldn't think of letting you go to a hotel after what you have done for me."

"If you really insist, Mr. Thompson, I will do so. It is very kind on your part to offer me the hospitality of your house."

"Not at all. I am under the deepest of obligation to you, and if I can be of assistance to you in the future I shall take it as a favor if you will call on me."

"Thank you, sir. This has proved a terrible disaster to many poor people. See, they are taking out the dead bodies now. There seems to be quite a number of them."

"There are, indeed. I shudder to think that but for the goodness of Providence, and your prompt assistance, I might be numbered with them."

The locomotive, with a car containing doctors and a supply of articles needed for the emergency, also two flat cars carrying wrecking crews with necessary implements for removing the wrecked cars from the track, now reached the scene.

The wounded, after being attended to, were placed aboard of the forward cars.

Then the slightly hurt and uninjured were told to take possession of the other cars.

All being ready, the train started on for Quincy.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM FARM TO A FORTUNE.

Reuben and Mr. Thompson took a double seat together.

The boy presently excused himself, saying he wanted to see how two young men, with whom he was slightly acquainted, were getting on.

He found Bronson and Gregson propped up together in a double seat.

"How are you feeling, Mr. Bronson, and how is your friend? Is your arm broken?"

"Yes," answered Bronson. "You appear to have got off easy."

"Fortunately I have; but I only escaped death by the skin of my teeth."

"You've got an open field before you now," said Bronson, with a faint grin.

"What do you mean?"

"You are going to Quincy to see Henry Thompson about selling him a plot of your land, aren't you? You might as well admit it."

"Yes, I am."

"Gregson and me were bound on the same errand for our companies. I guess you suspected the fact, you were so close-mouthed about your trip."

"I judged you were."

"I knew you were bluffing when you pretended that you didn't know me when I came over to you that time."

"I admit that I knew who you were."

"You're pretty foxy. However, we won't say anything more about it. As I said, you'll have a clear field with Thompson, and ought to make a deal."

"I hope to. Mr. Thompson happens to be on this train."

Reuben then explained the service he had rendered the gentleman before he learned he was the man he was on the way to meet with reference to the land.

"Well, you've got the inside track now, anyway," replied Bronson. "We might as well take the first train we can catch for Bayvill, for we're out of it. You've got the property that ought to catch his eye, so we wish you good luck and hope you'll win out. Gregson and I have lost the chance to make a fat commission; but it can't be helped. Accidents will happen in the best regulated families."

Reuben then said good-by and returned to his seat beside Mr. Thompson.

On their arrival at Quincy, Reuben, at his new friend's request, called a cab, and they were driven to Mr. Thompson's home, where Reuben was introduced to Mrs. Thompson and the rest of the family, who, as soon as they learned what service the young visitor had been to the head of the house, were loud in their expressions of gratitude.

After dinner Mr. Thompson and Reuben adjourned to the library, and there the boy laid his diagram of the Daisy Farm property before his host, and pointed out what he considered the most eligible sites suited to the gentleman's desires.

"All the facts I have mentioned you will be able to see and appreciate when you take a personal visit to the property. I will reserve several of the best plots for you to inspect, and I haven't the slightest objection to you looking the other ground over, as I do not fear you will find the lots offered by either of the real estate companies anywhere near as good as mine," concluded Reuben.

Mr. Thompson said he guessed there was little doubt that he would buy his land.

After Reuben had put his documents away, Mr. Thompson asked him to tell how he came to be in the land booming business.

Reuben went into the history of his land deal from the time he purchased the Daisy Farm from Caleb Potter, and the gentleman was much interested in his story.

"You have had quite a strenuous time trying to maintain your rights," he said.

Mr. Thompson said that he would call on Reuben in about a week and look the lots over.

"I'll let you know in advance when you may expect to see me," he said.

"All right," replied Reuben, "then I'll meet you at the railroad station with my team."

After breakfast next morning Reuben took leave of Mr. Thompson and his family and went to the hotel where Bronson and Gregson had put up.

He found them in the room they had taken together.

Gregson was in bed, but Bronson was sitting in a rocker.

"How are you two getting on?" Reuben asked Bronson.

"Gregson is all in with that leg of his, but I'm as well as can be expected with a fracture of the arm," was the agent's reply.

"I'm going home on the ten o'clock train," said Reuben. "If you have any word to send to Bayvill I'll take it along."

"Have you finished your business with Thompson?" asked Bronson.

"Yes; I've interested him in my property, but whether he will buy or not I couldn't say. He's to let me know."

"Well, ring for a bellboy and tell him to fetch some paper and envelopes. I'll scribble a note to my folks in pencil, and I'll consider it a favor if you'll deliver it in person and explain what happened to me and how I'm fixed here," said Bronson.

Gregson also wanted to send a note to his mother, and asked Reuben to deliver it and explain why he might not be home for a week.

Reuben agreed to carry out their requests, and half an hour later left for the depot.

About a week later he got the expected letter from Henry Thompson in which that gentleman said he would be at Bayvill on a certain specified date.

He came, went over the property with Reuben, and finally purchased the plot he wanted.

After that business was concluded, Reuben took him home to dinner.

When the meal was finished Mr. Thompson said he would loan Reuben \$25,000 on his note of hand, without security, in gratitude to him for having practically saved his life.

"Do you mean that, sir?" asked Reuben eagerly, for the advance of such a sum meant a lot to him, as the season for selling lots would soon be over until the following spring, and he wanted money to keep his men at work as long as the weather permitted.

"If I didn't mean it, I wouldn't have made the offer. I admire your grit and determination in pushing this land speculation under many disadvantages. You are a boy who I judge has all the elements of success in your composition, and I believe you deserve a helping hand. I am well off and can easily spare the money. I will let you have it at five per cent. interest, and you can repay me at any time and in any way it best suits you."

Reuben thankfully accepted the loan, and Mr. Thompson handed him a certified check for the amount, showing that he had made up his mind to lend Reuben the money before he left Quincy.

When the season opened in the spring the Daisy Farm showed so much improvement that he got more buyers for his lots than ever, and the money began flowing in again at a comfortable rate.

The rival real estate companies had not been idle during the leisure months.

They did not propose to let Reuben steal a march on them.

They had plenty of funds to keep ahead of him right along, and did; but they couldn't make their property equal to the boy's in location and other points.

Reuben had called regularly on Fay Temple all winter, and taken her to places of entertainment, either alone or with her brother.

When there was a good fall of snow on the ground he took her sleigh riding, and Bob Horton always managed to fetch a sleigh around at the same time and carry Reuben off with him.

With the reopening of the real estate season, Reuben and Bob were too busy with the Daisy Farm property to give the girls as much attention as before, but they took care not to neglect them.

Will Temple's business had increased a good bit, and

Jonas Harvey was promoted to the position of chief clerk, while he hired another general assistant to look after the office when both were away at court, or on other legal business.

Lawyer Jerrock continued to hold his head up among the other lights, but he lost ground, nevertheless, for his methods were not liked by many of his clients.

Evidently he had changed his mind about taking Timothy Riggs into partnership, for that worthy continued to act as his confidential clerk as before.

Reuben seldom saw old Caleb Potter since the real estate transaction had been settled, and he was not sorry, for he had no liking for Potter since he played him such a scurvy trick as to try to defraud him out of both his money and land.

The second season of the land boom was a far greater success than the first one, because the driveway was now completed and in operation to Waverly.

That of itself drew hundreds of people to the vicinity of Reuben's property.

He had signs strung along at intervals, and then caused a large number of people to stop and look over the lots.

About this time he found a purchaser for the farm where he lived, so he sold it and moved with his sister to a cottage near Will Temple's.

This enabled him to see Fay oftener, and suited both of them very well, indeed.

It didn't suit Bob so well, for he had to come all the way to town now to call on Barbara; but he did it with great regularity just the same.

By the time the third season opened the town of Bayvill had extended right out to the driveway, and the board of supervisors were considering about adding the Daisy Farm property to the city limits.

If the plan went through it was bound to add to the value and importance of Reuben's land.

All the early purchasers would gain greatly by it, for the value of their land would be doubled.

He continued to put every cent he got for the lots, over and above the commissions he paid Etchan and the advertising, into improvements.

Of course the rumor that the city was going to extend its limits to take in the Daisy Farm section proved the biggest kind of an advertisement for Reuben.

The third season proved a banner one, and Reuben had to hire extra people to help him out.

He got hold of Bronson and Gregson, who were star salesmen and agents, and they made the fur fly in his interest, and captured large commissions from him.

In the following spring the city extended its line to include Reuben's property and after that he did a land office business for fair, while the other real estate concerns had to content themselves with selling lots at about half the price he was now asking.

He reserved three fine lots on the driveway for himself, two for Will and two for Bob, the seven adjoining each other.

After closing up his office and his business with Etchan, he decided to settle down and build a fine house for Fay Temple and himself, for Fay had long since promised to marry him when he was ready to take her.

As Bob didn't want to be left out in the cold, he decided to marry Barbara.

So in due time both Reuben and Bob were united to their divinities, and after their return from their wedding trips, they entered the real estate business together and have prospered ever since that time.

Having brought our story to its end, we will now take leave of our leading characters, hoping that the example of pluck and perseverance shown by Reuben Hare will be an incentive to other boys who have followed the career in these pages of the boy who made money in land.

Next week's issue will contain "RAGGED ROB OF WALL STREET; OR, \$50,000 FROM A DIME."

Send Postal for Our Free Catalogue.

HELP YOUR COUNTRY!

BASEBALLS IN EQUIPMENT.

Baseballs, footballs and other athletic paraphernalia have been made a part of the regular military equipment of American soldiers sent overseas.

The Athletic Division of the War Department Commission on Training Camp activities is endeavoring to furnish each company going to France with a complete box of athletic goods, it was announced recently.

THE DEBTS OF THE WARRING NATIONS.

The London Economist for February places the total gross debt of Great Britain at 5,678,600,000 pounds (\$27,636,000,000).

The French minister of Finance in presenting the budget for 1918 estimated the public debt of France on December 31, 1918, at 115,166,058,000 francs (\$22,227,000,000).

The public debt of Italy at the end of 1917 is estimated at about 35,000,000,000 lire (\$6,676,000,000).

The debts of the Central Powers are estimated as follows: Germany, \$25,408,000,000; Austria, \$13,314,000,000; and Hungary, \$5,704,000,000.

Our own public debt is now around \$8,000,000,000, but more than half of this amount has been loaned to our Allies and will be repaid us. It is estimated that of the total net expenditures of the United States for the fiscal year of 1918, exclusive of our advances to our Allies, more than one-half will be defrayed by taxation.

THE LIBERTY LOAN AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

The relation of the newspapers of the country to the Liberty Loan and other governmental efforts is expressed in the telegram of Secretary McAdoo to the editors assembled in New York last week in attendance on the meeting of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association.

"Will you be good enough to express to the members of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, now in session, my sincere and warm appreciation of the great service they have rendered to their country by their consistent, unselfish, and patient support of the successive Liberty Loans, which have been offered by the Treasury Department.

"These loans could not have succeeded without the support of the newspapers, and it gives me great pleasure to make this acknowledgment. An enlightened public opinion is the chief asset of a democracy. By keeping the people of America informed on public events and transmitting word of the financial and other needs of the Government, the American newspapers have performed a public and incalculable service to the Nation. I know that the

service will be continued and that the newspapers will do their full share in assisting America to win this war for democracy and justice."

WHY SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SALUTE.

Everybody who has a relative in the Army or Navy probably knows how often soldiers and sailors are called upon to salute. But how many know why they salute as they do? Why do they raise their hands to their hats; come to "present arms" rather than "order arms" or "port arms"; man the yards rather than disappear into the ships; beat drums, play loud music and fire cannon instead of maintaining silence?

The most common form of salute, raising the hand to the hat, used toward every officer by every other officer, beneath him in rank and all enlisted men, and always returned by the officer and which is used upon all other occasions demanding a salute of an individual soldier or sailor while not under arms, bears a close resemblance to touching or raising the hat as civilians do in a salutation. The connection between salutes and salutations is not so clear, says the Rochester Herald, but nearly all have the form of salutations performed in an easy, natural step than to use these acts of something symbolical to indicate friendship, lack of hostile intent or submission to one higher in power.

In the Middle Ages knights in armor habitually removed their helmets when in the presence of friends. Removing the hat by the male members of modern society is a direct survival of that old custom of mailed knights, and the abbreviations of it, as touching the hat or merely waving the hand, speak for themselves and are as if the owner said, "You are my friend."

The position of "present arms," in which the rifle is held vertically in front of the body, is used as a salute nearly as frequently as touching the hat. As the name indicates, it is symbolical of giving up the weapon, that is, surrender or an expression of submission to or respect for a higher power.

Manning the yards was first practiced with the object of exposing the crews, so that any one approaching or boarding the ship would feel safe from treacherous acts. In thus sending his sailors aloft the captain placed his vessel in a practically helpless position so far as fighting was concerned.

The custom of firing cannon, beating drums or playing bands, when used in salutes, is the survival of a form of salutation which has been practiced by nearly all people of all times. Among savages, when a person of importance arrives at a village, the chief often orders his subjects to go through their ceremony of welcome which custom has given to the tribe. This consists of dancing, rhythmic shouting, hand-clapping and drum-beating.

THE STARS AND THE BARS

—OR—

THE RIVAL SCHOOLS OF ROXFORD

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY.)

CHAPTER XI (Continued).

"Your mystery men, surest thing, Tommy," said Ran, "but we don't want them to catch on to us."

"They see us as it is. I'm not going to sneak."

"No, they don't. No use of hunting trouble. Let's get in behind the trees."

"I tell you they do. There, the one on the left is pointing at us."

"You're right. Well, anyhow, they can't kill us. Let's bust ahead. We may find out something which will be interesting for your girl to know."

"Let up on that, Ran, for heaven's sake. Why, I haven't said a hundred words to Hattie Judd all told, and—why, say, it's only Joe White and Andy Brown!"

"Only! It's quite enough, I should say. But what the deuce brings them here at this time of night?"

"They might ask us the same question. Two more insomnias, perhaps."

"Troubled conscience."

"Maybe."

"Say, Tommy."

"Well?"

"This is your chance to deliver the goods to that fellow. Don't let it pass you now. You can lick him, and I know it. Brown and I will see fair play."

Tom was silent.

He felt that it had to come, but he was determined not to be the provoking party for all that.

They walked slowly on, the two Bars also continuing to advance.

"Good-evening," said Tom, civilly, when they came within hailing distance.

"What are you fellows sneaking around here for at midnight?" snarled Joe, in a most offensive tone.

"Oh, we are just walking, strolling, if you like it better," said Ran. "We leave the sneaking act for someone else; that's not in our line."

"Speak when you are spoken to," retorted Joe. "Black, what did you mean by accusing me of planting that plank?"

He meant fight. There could be no doubt of that. Tom could read it in his tone.

"Never accused you," he replied shortly; "but whoever did sink it is a dirty skunk."

"You're a liar! You told Styles in so many words that you saw me do it. You know you did."

"You, who were right there and heard the whole conversation, know that you lie," retorted Tom steadily, "and as I don't allow any fellow to call me a liar I'm going to pull your nose."

Now, as it happened, Joe had a particularly long nose, and this was his weak point.

And Tom made good his threat.

Suddenly darting forward, he caught Joe by the proboscis and gave it an unmerciful twist, getting a crack over the side of his head for his pains.

"A fight! A fight!" cried Andy. "Pitch into him, Joe. You can like him every time!"

"Fair play!" said Ran. "Fair play, if such a thing is possible with a Bar!"

"You dirty sneak! Keep your slurs to yourself or I'll lick you!" Andy shouted.

"Tims!" cried Tom, throwing off his coat. "One fight is enough, and that one goes. There won't be much chance for trickery if it's only Joe and me, but perhaps you fellows would both like to come at me. Two against one would be about the style of the Bars."

Joe had thrown aside his coat, and stood ready.

His eyes were ablaze with hatred and the lust for revenge.

"Hold your jaw, Andy, and keep your distance," he cried. "I gave this pup fair warning that if he didn't leave Hattie Judd alone he would have to reckon with me. He didn't see fit to heed it, and now he gets his medicine—that's all."

"Oh, that's the way you choose to put it, is it?" retorted Tom. "Have it your own way, White. Now let me give you warning. Don't you ever presume to mention that young lady's name in my presence again—see?"

"Play ball!"

"Fight!" roared Ran.

And at it they went.

Joe's style was of the John L. Sullivan order.

Aiming a sledge-hammer blow at Tom, he landed it in the air, for the leader of the Stars nimbly dodged, and landing a blow upon Joe's unfortunate nose, sent him reeling back.

The fight was now fairly on.

That it must be fought to a finish both boys real-

ized, or peace could never reign between the Stars and the Bars.

CHAPTER XII.

LOST ON OLD BALD.

Tom and Joe were about equally matched as to size, age and physical strength.

But their methods of fighting were radically different, as has been remarked.

Moreover, Tom had taken a course of boxing lessons at one time, and this gave him a tremendous advantage.

Joe did manage to get in a few blows, and they were hard ones when they fell, but as a rule he found it next to impossible to break Tom's guard.

There could be but one result.

Ran saw this from the first.

At last Joe went sprawling, felled by a crusher on the left eye, and another on the nose. Evidence of the first blow he was destined to carry for days to come. He lay panting on the ground.

"Time!" cried Ran, but Andy, disgusted, had no remark to offer as he ran to the aid of his fallen chief.

Tom stood quietly by waiting while Andy helped Joe to rise.

"Do you want any more?" he demanded. "It's here if you want it, White. Plenty more at the same old stand."

"I'll fix you later, Tom Black!" snarled the defeated one. "Just you wait and see."

"Nonsense!" cried Ran. "You're licked, that's all. Own up like a man, Joe White, and shake hands."

"Not with me, until he apologizes for throwing the boat race," said Tom coldly. "You planted that snag, White. You know you did. Only for that I should be ready to shake hands, and try to be friends. Now I've accused you boldly. There were two of you in the dirty job, and Brown was the other. Call me a liar if you dare!"

But neither of the boys accepted the challenge.

Joe picked up his coat and put it on.

"I'll attend to your case later!" he snarled.

"Now!" cried Tom. "Now is the time. If you haven't had enough to make a man of you, why just say so."

"Come on, Andy," said Joe, not heeding this.

They were just starting when Andy, who had looked back, suddenly exclaimed in an almost inaudible voice:

Look! There he is now!"

At the same instant all the boys saw a tall man standing between the casemates of the old fort, but the instant he perceived that they were looking at him he drew back out of sight.

"Noble C. Judd, by thunder!" cried Ran.

"That's who it was," said Tom. "Look here,

White, and you, too, Andy Brown. You want to keep a close mouth about this."

But the two Bars, without answering, hurried away.

Tom picked up his coat and put it on.

"Ran," he said, "there is treachery here. That was Judd sure, and what's more, those fellows knew he was there before he showed himself. It's my belief that they came here to-night for no other purpose than to see him, or at least to locate him, for it is not likely that he would have any dealings with them."

"It might be," replied Ran. "It was sure Judd, anyhow. What can he be doing there?"

"Dodging the detectives, of course. It isn't such a bad place to hide."

"But so near home."

"The last place they would think of looking for him now."

"Let's go up there and see."

"No; we'll mind our own business. Let us get back. I only hope Joe don't betray the man. He is mean enough, at all events."

"You hit him hard, Tom."

"Oh, he'll get over it."

"I don't mean that, but when you told him that he planted that snag. At the same time I believe you were dead right."

"Of course I was, and we shall live to prove it. Now let's go home."

They returned to the Hall, and climbing to the extension roof crawled in at the window and tumbled into bed.

They hardly expected to sleep, but they did, and never even turned over until they were aroused by the bang of the rising bell.

Tom cautioned Ran to keep a still tongue about the fight, and he did so.

But as early as Monday afternoon it became common talk among the Stars that somebody had given Joe White a black eye.

The Stars laid it to some quarrel among the Bars themselves. It was a long time before the truth was known.

A week of hard work followed, for the exams were on and everybody busy.

Still the Judds lingered at the Gull's Nest, where they had never before been known to remain so late in the season.

The papers continued to talk about the wickedness of the ruined broker, and rumor had it that he had been seen in Montreal.

Be that as it might, Tom and Ran saw no more of him at Fort Campbell, whither curiosity sent them several times.

"Chestnuts! Chestnuts! Chestnuts!"

Such was the cry among the Stars on Friday night, and on Saturday morning all hands made a start to climb Bald mountain, on the side of which were several noble chestnut trees, something rarely found in that part of Maine.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT NEWS

AGED VETERAN WORKS.

An interesting fact about the work on the grading of the railroad which is now being done in Boone, N. C., is that Capt. W. M. Hodges, an ex-Confederate soldier, now eighty-six years old, is putting in ten hours every day with his mattock on the work, and this not because he needs to but to show his deep interest in getting the road completed to his county seat. This is patriotism no less than on the field of battle.

ORIGINATOR OF WAR CHEST.

A recent visitor to Hog Island was Mr. Herman Hulman, of Terre Haute, Ind. Mr. Hulman has worked out a plan of systematic contributing along the lines of the war chest methods. Single-handed he has organized the residents of a county in Indiana, whereby the contributors regularly give from \$1 to \$100 each month. This money goes to the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, and other organizations officially authorized by the War Department. There are now 17,000 contributors who each month give upwards of \$20,000.

MAYOR A COBBLER.

E. N. Longstreth, Mayor of Oakwood, a town west of Danville, Ill., while presiding at a meeting of the town council, the other night, half-soled two pairs of shoes, put a patch on another, wrote two life insurance policies, waited on a few customers who came into the shop, and kept in touch with the matters before the council.

The council decided to buy a building now occupied by a bank. This building will be used as a city hall. Longstreth has been mayor for years.

NURSES LEARN TO BOX.

All of the nurses who are serving in the base hospital at Camp Custer cantonment are to receive boxing lessons. The nurses, nearly 100 of them, who expect to soon go to France, asked that they be taught the art of self-defense. Stories of German atrocities inflicted upon Red Cross nurses and other women and girls, made the Camp Custer nurses determined to learn how to fight.

Charlie White, division boxing instructor, has been ordered to organize boxing classes for these women. So far as known, Custer is the first cantonment in the United States to take such action.

TAME QUAIL GETS TIPSY.

J. L. Minton of Barbourville, N. Y., some four years ago captured a young quail which in a short time thereafter became the pet of the Minton family.

A few months after the quail was domesticated a grandson of the family visited them, having in his possession a number of bottles of beer, a drink of which, in an idle moment, he gave to the quail,

which after constantly tasting, drank to the last drop.

The bird has kept this up ever since, drinking both beer and wine with great relish, but preferring the former, a large glass of which he can down at one time, if it is given him, resulting in his becoming tipsy.

TAX ON LUNCHEON BILLS.

A Youngstown, Ohio, concern has originated a novel manner of conducting its cafeteria in such a way as to encourage food conservation. A half dozen men in the General Fire Proofing Co. at a luncheon at that plant recently decided that they were eating too much. In order to make it an object to eat less the following rules were adopted: Any member of the club who has a lunch check for 20 cents or less contributes 5 cents to a general savings fund, which reverts to him in the form of Thrift Stamps. A 20 to 25 cent check requires a 10-cent tax. A check for 25 to 30 cents requires a 15-cent tax. New members joining the club pay an initiation tax of one Thrift Stamp. This concern conducts its own kitchen and dining-room and sells at cost to employees. The tax plan is expected to save food and to provide a Thrift Stamp fund as well.

ANIMALS' EARS.

If you ever see a rabbit running notice its ears and you will see that they are laid back flat on its neck. That is not a chance position, nor is it due to the weight of the ears; it is a provision of nature for the little animal's protection. It is one of the hunted, you see, and not one of the hunters.

It is different with the fox and the wolf, says a writer in the Congregationalist. Their ears as they run are thrust sharply forward, for they are of the hunters. As the rabbit must run away to escape danger its enemies are always behind it, and therefore nature has given it large ears to catch every sound and the habit of throwing them back, because its danger comes from that direction. As the fox and the wolf must run after their prey, nature has given them the habit of thrusting their ears forward.

Just how careful Nature is in these matters and how she suits conditions to surroundings may be seen in the jack rabbit of the Western prairies. It is the natural prey of the wolf, and as it is in more danger than our rabbits are its ears have been made a good deal larger and longer, the better to hear the sounds made by its enemy.

You have seen a horse thrust his ears forward quickly when anything startles him. That is his instinctive movement to catch every sound of a threatening nature. A dog raises his ears in a similar way.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

RABBIT PEST IN NEW ZEALAND.

Consul Winslow, at Auckland, reports:

As a fair illustration of the rabbit pest in certain portions of New Zealand, and especially in the drier sections of the South Island, it is stated that on an estate lately taken over by the New Zealand Government, comprising 12,446 acres of freehold and a pastoral run of 19,250 acres, there were killed or captured about 120,000 rabbits in order to clear up the property so as to make it suitable for the location of returned soldiers.

FRENCH BUILD SHIP IN ZONE OF BATTLE.

The largest freighter in the French mercantile marine service was launched at Dunkirk, Saturday, April 27, and is now safe in a French port remote from the fighting zone. She is 450 feet long and is of 19,000 tons displacement. The Germans, aware of the location of the shipyard, tried in every way to destroy the yard and ship. Long range guns bombarded the vicinity, air raiding Gothas dropped bombs there and twice flotillas of torpedo boats attempted quick bombarding raids.

The night preceding the launching the Germans tried to bombard the shipyard from Gothas, but were beaten off. The enemy then sowed mine fields along the course which they knew the freighter would travel, but the mines were picked up the next day. The Ministry of Marine considers it a great feat to build and launch a great ship so near the actual fighting front.

NEW GOLF BALL HAS CORE OF STEEL.

A new golf ball has just been invented by P. A. Vaile, author of "Wake Up, England," "Modern Golf," "Modern Tennis" and many other books on sport and travel. The ball has only recently been patented, but the inventor claims that it will be as great an improvement on the existing rubber-covered ball as that was on the old gutta-percha.

Most of the interior of the ball is hollow. It consists of a spherical steel shell or "core," preferably of one piece. This is not thicker than paper, and it is charged with air or other gas under pressure. The ordinary rubber thread is wound on the steel case in the usual way, or possibly a solid rubber exterior shell might be used. Then the customary gutta-percha case or cover is put on.

It is claimed that this ball is faster off the driver than the existing ball, and therefore is longer in both carry and run, and that it is "deader" off the short strokes and on the green, and therefore more under control for approaching and putting.

NEWEST THINGS.

Gasoline, under air pressure in a tubular handle, is used in a new self-heating flat iron.

A new flagstaff for railroad brakemen has a compartment in the handle for carrying torpedoes.

Japanese waterproof paper umbrellas and lanterns with an oil extracted from rubber plant seeds.

Despite the competition of electricity, the coal gas business is steadily increasing in England.

One of the newer measuring tapes is perforated at each half inch so marks can be made through it.

The smallest practical dry battery has been invented for use in a French vest pocket cigar lighter.

A patent has been granted for a keyhole saw that has four working surfaces of varying size and cut.

A micrometer used by a Swiss watch company accurately measures to the hundredth part of a millimeter.

Both a cigar cutter and a windshield are included in a new pocket holder for boxes of safety matches.

About 21 per cent. of Spain's population, some 4,000,000 persons, is engaged in agricultural pursuits.

A shade that folds like an umbrella for convenience in carrying features a new portable electric lamp.

"SHOWERS OF FISH."

The next time you read of a shower of fish or toads do not regard the story as entirely the product of sprightly imagination. Such things do happen from time to time. It is quite possible that a violent wind may scoop the water from a pond or stream and deposit it, together with its inhabitants some distance away.

Showers of blood or sulphur or worms are often described as supernatural happenings in ancient writings, says W. L. McAtee in the Monthly Weather Review, but they are easily explained. Instances of "blood rains" have been shown to be due to the presence in pools of rain water of vast quantities of insect or animal life, the eggs or spores of which were probably transported by the wind. Reddish dust is also brought down during rainstorms.

Showers of "worms" may be caused by hordes of the larvae of insects, such as the soldier beetle, emerging from soil saturated by a heavy downpour. Quantities of pollen from trees and plants are often carried by the wind, which would explain the reported rains of sulphur.

Tornadoes have transported for considerable distances far heavier objects than those mentioned above. A turtle, 6 by 8 inches and entirely covered by ice, is said to have fallen during a hailstorm in Mississippi, while, in the same State, a 675-pound iron screw was lifted by a hurricane and deposited 900 feet away. A church spire was carried seventeen miles by a tornado at Mount Carmel, Ill.

FROM ALL POINTS

PRIVATE DROWNS IN LAKE AS COMRADE IS RESCUED.

Noah Dowling of Lawrence, Kan., and Homer D. Grimm of Mount Carroll, Ill., privates attached to the Medical Corps at Base Hospital No. 9, Lake-wood, N. J., were paddling in a canoe on Lake Carasajo the other night when the canoe upset. Neither of the men could swim. Private William Packard of Tilden, Mass., who is invalided home from France, rescued Grimm. Dowling's body was found two hours later.

JAPANESE GIRLS SEW.

Although unable to speak a word of English, Miss Fuku Endo and Mrs. Kimiko Fukushima, two Japanese girls just arrived from the Orient, are apt pupils at Opportunity School's "War Work" classes, Denver, Colo. The two Japanese girls have learned to sew "the American way," and spend several hours daily at the school industriously working on garments for children of the Italian war sufferers.

GIRL IN "JEANS."

Miss Jennie Kootz has traded her position as a milliner for that of a farmer. She has donned jeans and a straw hat to help Uncle Sam and the boys "over there" while she does a man's work on her father's farm near Shelbyville, Ill. Miss Kootz's incentive came after returning home from work in a millinery store here one day and found her father becoming too feeble to manage his farm. "I'll drive the corn planter and the cultivator while the hired man does the hard work," she declares.

A FORTUNE IN FLYING CHIPS.

The machining of metal parts of any description can not be done without a certain loss of metal by the chips flying off during the work. This loss, in the case of high priced metals, adds considerably to the price of the article made from the material in question. To reduce the loss, a good many methods have been suggested by most of which it is tried to collect the flying chips so that they can be remelted. Even this, however, very often is only possible under great difficulties and it is estimated that millions of dollars yearly are lost to the nation from this source alone. For instance, the aluminum chips coming off while machining aluminum castings for automobile gear boxes, total in value more than \$3,000,000 annually. In former times, near 50 per cent. of these aluminum chips were simply thrown away. Now it has become possible to recover a large percentage of the metal by remelting and the actual loss has been reduced to approximately 20 per cent. and there are firms who confess to recover even more of the metal. By doing so, approximately

\$2,500,000 have been added to the yearly income of the United States. Here is a chance for machine shop managers to increase the earnings of their plants by making use of what formerly was thrown away.

GERMANY NOW HAS AN OFFICIAL MILKER.

New offices, with titles corresponding, were created by the authorities of Alzey in Rhenish Hessa, Germany. One is called the milk reviser, and the other the test milker. German newspapers reporting this innovation do not say what uniforms these new officials are wearing and whether they have received the privilege of carrying sidearms.

In Germany the owner of cows is entitled to only a certain amount of milk for his own use. The balance he must give up at a certain price fixed by the Government. Some owners of cows seem to be inclined to keep more milk to themselves than allotted to them by law. Others might dispose of their surplus milk at secret sales, thus obtaining a higher price. To stop these illegal machinations the new officials were installed in Alzey. The milk reviser will have to keep a strict account of the number of cows in the district, of the periods when they are fresh or dry, etc.

The test milker will have to visit the farms unexpectedly and milk some of the cows in order to compare the official "output" with the one reported by the farmer.

MAKING BREAD WITHOUT FLOUR.

In France bread has been made without flour in a machine that transforms the wheat directly into dough. This machine has a large screw turning loosely in a case on the inner surface of which is a screw thread running in an opposite direction. Between the main threads on the cylinder are smaller threads, and the depth of the groove becomes progressively smaller from one end to the other, so that it will hold the entire wheat grain as it enters the machine, at the same time accommodating only the pulverized wheat at the exit.

The wheat is prepared by a thorough washing, after which operation about a pint of tepid water to a pound of grain is added, the whole mixture being allowed to stand for some six hours. Then the grains of wheat have swollen to twice their ordinary size. The mixture is then treated with yeast and salt and is poured into the machine. It falls between the threads of the moving screw, which simultaneously crush the envelope and body of the grain, making of them a homogeneous mixture that forms a smooth paste.

Bread made by this process contains a succession of holes whose size increases as they approach the crust, which is thin. The odor given off is said to be most agreeable.

INTERESTING TOPICS

BORROWED A WIFE.

Antonio Brozowski, of Rockford, Ill., answered in his draft questionnaire that he was married, but it developed that he had borrowed the wife of William Savage of Johnson City, Ill., for the occasion and the Government gave him a year imprisonment. Mrs. Savage was permitted to go home.

GERMANY USES ZINC COINS FOR NICKEL NEEDED IN WAR.

Germany is calling in her nickel coinage, the metal of which is needed for projectiles, and is substituting zinc for minting coins of this class.

Authority has just been given for the minting of \$2,000,000 worth of zinc 2 1-2 cent pieces.

STEAMER DELIVERED IN TIME THAT HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALED IN HISTORY.

Completed and ready for her cargo, the steamship Tuckahoe, built by the New York Shipbuilding Company in world's record time, has been turned over to the United States Shipping Board in this city. Thus, thirty-seven days after the keel was laid the big steel ship, of 5,548 tons dead weight, was prepared to sail across the seas. Coal and supplies for the crew were placed aboard Tuesday, May 14, and Capt. Rupert Wry and his crew of forty men took possession of the ship.

USELESS MONEY IN BANKS.

Battle Creek, Mich., banks have \$50,000 in cash on hand they don't know what to do with.

The money really belongs to several thousands of men employed on Camp Custer construction work who failed to cash their checks. Porter Bros., contractors, paid out checks weekly and the Government deposited cash to cover them. Hundreds of men left camp daily with pay checks for small amounts, and the sum of unclaimed money grew all summer. Some of the checks uncashed amount to \$50 or more.

The Government has no way to take the money back. Porter Bros. have no legal claim on the money. And the banks can't get rid of the money because there is still a possibility of the checks showing up.

TRICOLORED LIGHTS TO SHOW DIRECTION.

An automobile direction indicator, by which the driver of a car may warn traffic by means of colored lights of the direction in which he is proceeding, has been invented by Joseph Sanna-Ser of New Orleans, who has applied for patent thereon.

The device consists of a reflector to fit over the ordinary automobile lamp casing, which is supplied with five electric lamp sockets. In the center is a white light. At the sides are red ones, at the top a green one and at the bottom one of blue. In oper-

ation the white light is to show at all times, with the others to be shown at the will of the operator of the car. Contemplating a turn to the left a red light at the left would be shown. The reverse would indicate a turn to the right. The green light showing above the white would indicate the car being run under emergency and at speed, while the blue showing below the white would mean that a stop would be made. A direction indicator at the back of the car would work in unison with one over the headlight.

GUARD LAWN 200 YEARS.

The uncanceled order which left a military guard, intended for one night only, to watch over Drury Lane Theater for nearly two centuries, had a parallel in the Royal Palace at Petrograd.

About thirty years ago some economist questioned the need of a sentry on guard, night and day, on one particular spot on the lawn. No one could answer until old records were turned up, and it was found that Catherine I., admiring a crocus bloom on the lawn, had desired the plant to be protected.

So a guard had been mounted and, no countermand being issued, had been maintained for nearly two centuries.

MOTHER-OF-PEARL FISHING.

How the natives collect the shells in the Red Sea and Gulf of Aden from which we get our mother-of-pearl is described in a report from Addison E. Southard, American Consul at Aden. About twenty men go out to the fishing beds in a sailing dhow and then divide up into rowboats, in which they search for likely spots, using a kerosene tin with one end filled with glass as a water telescope.

After locating the shells one of the fishermen removes his scant clothing, places a small clamp or plug to close his nostrils, and dives. As he descends a large basket is lowered, weighted with a stone to cause it to sink quickly. The diver works on the bottom, throwing the shells into the basket until he has filled it. He usually finds it necessary to come to the surface two or three times for a fresh breath before he has completed the filling of a basket. There are many sharks in the Red Sea and in the Gulf of Aden, and when the divers are attacked they are fortunate if they escape minus a leg or an arm.

The shells vary from two inches to ten inches in diameter. After six or eight hours the shells are opened and the oysters eaten. When the dhow is laden she goes to Aden or Massowah and drives a bargain with the shell buyers. Just before the war the prevailing price was about 16 cents a pound; to-day it is only 8 cents. One large shipment to the United States was made last year. The Aden market supplies about 500,000 pearl shells a year.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, JUNE 14, 1918.

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GOOD CURRENT NEWS ARTICLES

Fishermen along the Atlantic Coast from Florida north have begun taking sharks suitable for food purposes and smoking the meat, says a bulletin of the U. S. Food Administration. This product is reported to be coming into the market and finding ready sale.

The first and only bearing camphor plantation of any size in this country is located at Satsuma, Fla., says Popular Science Monthly. It contains over 2,000 acres of camphor trees which last year yielded over 10,000 pounds of crude camphor. This year it is expected that the yield will be many times this amount. Florida has several other plantations, which will soon come into bearing. Many more trees are being planted, and camphor may soon become profitable.

To remove a splinter from the hand, fill a wide-mouthed bottle nearly full of hot water, writes R. Kirkpatrick in Popular Mechanics. Thrust the injured part over the mouth and press it slightly. The flesh will be drawn down, and shortly the splinter will be exposed under the action of the steam. This method is far better than the common and dangerous practice of pricking the flesh with a pin or knife point. The usual antiseptic solution should be applied.

The spectators at wrestling matches in Japan pelt the winner with their hats. This is a custom with the Japanese of showing their appreciation of the skill of the winner. The hats are gathered up by the attendants and handed to the champion. Eventually the owners come forward and redeem their hats with presents of various kinds. The custom in question is, it is explained, due to a recognition of the fact that enthusiasm is likely to cool down shortly after the event which excited it is passed. So, to prove the genuineness of his admiration, the Jap gives his hat as a pledge, to be redeemed in his cooler moments.

Postmaster General Burleson has called for the construction of five airplanes to be used in the establishment of an aerial route between Washington, Philadelphia and New York. The service contemplates one round trip per day, with the probability of a later expansion. Airplanes and parts are to be delivered as may be designated by the Post Office Department at the cities above named, not later than April 25, 1918, and the War Department will release a sufficient number of motors to equip these airplanes. The airplanes must be capable of carrying 300 pounds of mail for 200 miles, without stop, at a maximum full load speed of 100 miles and a minimum full load speed of 45 miles. They must have a climbing speed of 3,000 feet in ten minutes. They are to be equipped with the celebrated Hispano-Suiza motor of 150 horse-power.

GRINS AND CHUCKLES

"Why are you crying, little boy?" "Farver 'it 'is fumb wiv a 'ammer—an' I laughed."

Sufferer—Doctor,, don't you think that a change to a warmer climate would do me good? Specialist—Good gracious, man! That's just what I am trying to save you from!

A woman at Ardmore, not being used to street cars, asked: "At which end shall I get off?" "It doesn't matter," replied the conductor, "both ends stop."

"Can you give me any good reason for refusing to don tights in the new play?" asked the manager, after an obstinate rebellion on the part of the leading lady. "I sure can," was the principal's reply. "I'm bow-legged."

Boarding Mistress—Is there anything wrong with that egg, Mr. Fourper? I see you according it a very critical examination. Mr. Fourper—Oh, not anything wrong with the egg, Mrs. Skimpem. I was just looking for the wishbone, that's all.

"Please bring me some of that first. I've never eaten peas that way; maybe I won't like them." The waiter was an Irish-American. With a smile that began and ended in his eyes, he said soberly: "I'm sorry, sir, but that's a mistake. There isn't any peace in the kitchen. We've got an Irish and a Dutch cook down there."

The other evening little Harry Smith was in an unusually inquisitive mood when he asked his mother, "Is the old white hen to be sent away for the summer, ma?" "I don't think so, Harry. What makes you ask?" was the reply. "Well, this morning I heard papa tell the new governess that he would take her out for a spin in his auto just as soon as he sent the old hen away for the summer."

ON SUCCESS STREET

OR

TWO AND TWO MAKE TWENTY-TWO

By ED KING

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XX (Continued).

A night's thinking often brings matters in a colder and more truthful light.

"I haven't used Bess right at all, and I can't blame her for turning me down," he admitted. "I'll see her somehow and eat the whole of a humble pie if I have to. Of course I can't expect to spend the whole of a week automobiling and running around with another girl, and then go back to the one I've slighted as if nothing had happened."

Knowing that Bess would be busy with household matters in the forenoon, he waited until nearly luncheon time.

Then he called up the Holman house over the telephone, and asked for Miss Holman.

"Well? Who is it?" Bess's voice answered a moment later.

"Miss Bessie, this is Jack Thurston. You're not going to refuse to see me this afternoon, are you? I want very much to see you."

It sounded over the wire as if Bess were swallowing hard. Then her voice came coolly:

"Very good. I shall be at liberty at two o'clock."

"Thank you, Miss Bessie. I'll be there promptly."

"Very good. Good-by!"

Tinkle! The bell sounded the ring-off. "Feels like snow! No matter; I know I deserve it all."

He ate his luncheon with a better relish, though, and then, again dressing very carefully, he started toward the Holman house.

He timed himself so that he reached the front door punctually at two o'clock.

Miss Bessie received him as if nothing had happened. They seated themselves in the parlor and chatted.

But Bessie showed little interest, treating him as if he were only a formal caller.

"This is a bad beginning," murmured the boy, uneasily. "I guess the only thing for me to do is to come right out openly, like a man!"

He was wondering how he should begin, when the telephone bell sounded.

There was a telephone at a side table.

Bess stepped over to answer, and Jack heard enough to know that someone was asking for him.

"It's someone who wants Mr. Thurston," she announced, holding out the receiver to him.

"Hello," called Jack. "Who's that?"

"Is that you, Mr. John Thurston?"

"Yes; this is Thurston. Go on."

"This is the National Bank of Dalton. A check for ten thousand dollars, payable to Phyllis Atherton, has been presented here."

"Yes?" gulped Jack, huskily.

In the metal rim of the transmitter he could see a great change in Bess's face, for she had heard. Her eyes grew big.

"Is the check all right? To be paid?" asked the man at the bank.

"Certainly."

"Sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Thurston, but the amount was so large, that I wanted to get your instructions."

"That's all right. Pay the check."

"I've been telephoning all over Rawston Springs to get you."

"Thank you. The check is all right."

As Jack rang off and turned around, he looked to see how Bessie had taken this rather startling discovery.

But Miss Holman was not in the room.

"Whew!" muttered Jack, wretchedly. "Another storm brewing!"

He waited twenty minutes with what patience he could.

Then, fuming, he crossed to the servant's bell.

"Will you ask Miss Holman if she can spare me a little more time?" he asked, rather coolly.

"Why, Miss Holman went out ten minutes ago with her father on their afternoon drive," replied the servant, in evident surprise.

"Oh, she did, eh?" muttered Jack, but no word got past his lips.

Instead, bowing his thanks, he passed out into the hallway, took his hat and went angrily off down the driveway.

"Turned down for fair this time," he growled. "I guess that about ends the romance! No more of that for me! I have some pride left!"

It was a crusher all right. All the way back to his room Jack's face was a fiery, blazing red.

Later, in the privacy of his room, behind a locked door, his face became white and haggard.

"That'll be about all—in that direction," he decided, grimly.

CHAPTER XXI.

JACK BEGINS TO GET WISE.

When a fellow has received a hard jolt from the girl he really does care for, and there is another and attractive girl who shows great sympathy for him, he is likely to be in danger.

Jack, on his return to his room, was in a furious state of mind.

Had he submitted the case to any fair-minded person, that person would have told him that Bess had the greatest reason in the world for being offended when she learned that he had given Phyllis ~~At her~~ ^{her} check for ten thousand dollars.

It is fair to assume that a fellow is either a great fool, or else very fond of a woman, when he hands her, in one lump, a fifth of his fortune.

But Jack, at this time, was in no mood to ask a fair-minded person, nor was he in any more of a mood to be fair-minded himself.

"Hang the girl!" he muttered, as many a fellow has said before. "After all, Phyllis is the only reliable one in the bunch."

Just what he meant by "the bunch" he did not stop to ask himself.

After trying to settle his mind to something in his room, he snatched up his hat again.

"I'll go and see Phyllis," he muttered. She can drive the blues away."

He set off at a brisk walk, and ere long is at Cedarhurst, where he saw Phyllis, who had evidently been weeping.

She gave Jack her hand, smiling so frankly, so sweetly, and looking so wholly glad to have him there, that Jack felt privileged to ask:

"Phyllis, you were crying just before I came."

"Oh, no, I wasn't," she protested weakly.

"I'm sorry that——"

"At least, I wouldn't think of letting you——" Phyllis went on, shamefacedly.

"Then there is something——" cried foolish Jack, eagerly.

"Well, I— No, I'm not going to tell you."

"Oh, but it seems to me that you ought to," argued the boy. "Aren't we good friends?"

"Yes, indeed!" she cried, earnestly. "But I don't want you to be too good a friend——"

"Phyllis!" broke in the boy reproachfully.

You don't understand what I mean," she went on, hurriedly and shamefacedly. "Oh, dear, I wish Frank would hurry back. You see, it's another money matter, and ——"

"Oh!"

"Of course I know you have the money, Jack dear, and I know that it's lying idle at the bank, but——"

She broke off and looked at him shyly, but so engagingly that the lad's heart was hers for the moment.

"How much this time?" he cried, gaily, and took out his pen and check book.

"Oh, no, no! I can't think of letting you do it again," she cried, yet looking at him with eyes that brimmed tenderly with gratitude.

"Nonsense!" retorted enthralled Jack. "How much is it?"

"It's twenty thousand, and I need it only for forty-eight hours. But I'm sure that I shall hear from Frank to-day, and then I can telegraph him. The only difficulty is that I have to have the money the first thing in the morning, or there'll be a horrid law-suit. I'm afraid I'd die if I were brought up before a judge," shuddered Phyllis.

"Why, see here," proposed Jack, who had gone in too deeply to draw out now, "if you hear from your brother, you can return my check to me."

"Why, of course, I could, but——"

"And you're good for the money yourself, aren't you, Phyllis?" he asked laughingly.

"Of course," she nodded, quickly. "But, Jack, this seems too much to accept, even for a couple of days from so good a friend as you are."

Thurston quickly wrote out the check and signed it.

He tore it from the book, stepped to her side and handed it to her.

She started to thank him, but broke into tears and fled from the room.

"She's the real kind of girl, after all," flushed Jack, gazing at the door that she had closed between them. "I wish Bess had been more like her."

It was fully ten minutes ere Phyllis trusted herself to return to the room.

When she did, she did not refer to the loan again, but chatted brightly for more than an hour.

Then Jack, feeling that, out of delicacy he could not stay longer, rose and took his leave.

At the parting Phyllis again took pains to impress her warm gratitude upon him.

Yet, such strange creatures are we that, on his way home, it was not of Phyllis that he was thinking, but of sweet, winsome Bess Holman.

Arrived in his room, Jack sat down at the little table before writing paper at once.

Then and there Jack committed to paper the words he had hoped to deliver by word of mouth.

He declared to Bess his deep and lasting love, and told her that, one of these days in the near future, he meant to ask her to be his wife, if she would give him a hearing.

He begged her to give his declaration of love the most serious thought, and, if she could not decide favorably to him at once, at least to appoint a time when he could call and plead his own cause.

Then he addressed the envelope, writing in one lower corner:

"Wait for answer."

(To be continued.)



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4	3	4	7
8	9	8	8
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To Men who are Bald or are Losing Their Hair

Let me tell you of my own case. I was almost completely bald, and as I had tried many tonics, lotions, etc., without benefit, I expected to remain bald for the rest of my life. But instead of baldness, I now have a complete growth of hair upon my head. This is all the more remarkable because I am 66 years old.

The way that I obtained a perfect hair growth was as simple as it was astonishing to me.

While traveling I met an old Cherokee Indian who gave me a pomade or ointment to use upon my scalp. Although my confidence was meager, I used this compound. He told me it contained selected components from the Three Kingdoms of Nature.

After several applications my looking-glass revealed a slight fuzz. This developed from day to day to a healthy growth of hair. Imagine my satisfaction in being able actually to brush the hair where there had been a bare scalp! Yet it was true. Soon I was able to comb it—and I have been able to do so ever since.

I traded with the old Indian savant, obtaining the recipe. It was crude and the ointment was almost nauseating. So I had it modernized, by a practical chemist, holding to the original principle, and now from the recipe a cosmetic pomade is prepared. Men and women have used it—and many are now doing so. In numerous cases remarkable results are being reported.

This ointment contains no alcohol nor anything else that has a tendency to dry the hair, the scalp or the roots.

The way for you to prove what it will do for you is to try it. I will mail you the recipe free of charge. Your own physician will tell you that it is safe and you may obtain a supply from the druggist. Or you may get it from me. It is called Kotalko. A proof box will be mailed, with the recipe, if you send 25 cents, silver or stamps, to John Hart Brittain, 150 East Thirty-second St., BE-103, New York, N. Y. This is a genuine announcement devoid of the lavish phraseology of the usual advertisements, but it means exactly what it says, and I, being a business man of good reputation, stand ready to prove it to you.

\$1.00 PANTS MADE TO MEASURE

Not \$1.00, not even five, not one cent cost to you under our easy conditions. No extra charges for extra long, extreme legs, tops, fancy belt loops, pearl buttons, no extra charge for anything, all free. Before you take another order, before you buy a suit or pants, get our samples and new offer. Write to any "Send Me Your Order" the big, new different tailoring deal. Costs nothing and no extra charges.

KNICKERBOCKER TAILORING CO.

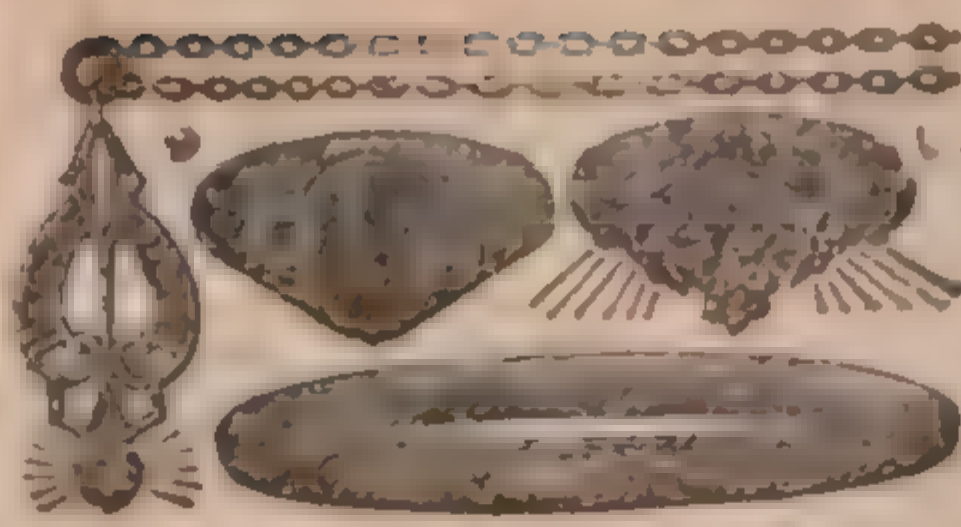
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Chicago, Ill.

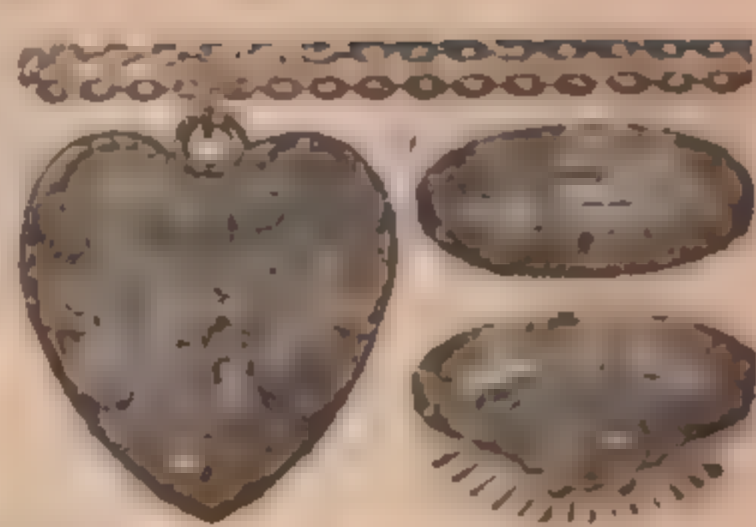


FREE FLASHLIGHT
GENUINE EVEREADY
This is a genuine Eveready flashlight complete with batteries, lens, handle, etc., etc. Write to any of the 612 given places for sending 25 packages of Biko. Performed lightning work at 100 ft. height. Guaranteed. Own a genuine Eveready flashlight. Order yours today. Send no money.
BINGO COMPANY, Dept. 325 BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

ALL THESE FREE



Gold plated Secret Locket and Neck Chain, Gold plated Pendant and Neck Chain, Gold plated Bracelet and 4 Gold plated Rings. 1918 designs, fresh from the factory. ALL Given FREE to any one for selling only 12 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c each. Write to-day. P. S. Dale Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.



Tobacco Blindness

Although tobacco does not seem to do any harm to some, many are injured by smoking or chewing. One serious form is amaurosis, a nervous blindness. Heart failure, cancer, nervous breakdowns, etc., are attributed to tobacco. A book telling how to overcome the addiction of smoking, chewing or snuff using, easily and quickly, will be mailed free by the author, Edward J. Woods, WE-103, Station F, New York, N. Y.

How to Make a Hit

Learn to escape from any handcuffs. We teach you the secret. You can positively do it. Give exhibitions. Make money. No confederates or fake handcuffs. The HANDCUFF KING'S SECRET will be revealed FREE if you mail us only 30 cents, stamps, for 3 Marvel Menders, useful at home, in kit, factory, camp—everywhere. ALBRO SOCIETY, AD-103, Station F, New York.

Learn so Easily

New Book FREE

K. I.

SHORTHAND

Learn in 5 Evenings

Then Acquire Speed Rapidly

Try This



A girl soon learns to write by K. I. shorthand and may earn \$10 to \$35 weekly.

IF YOU can learn the lesson (at the right) within 5 minutes, you should learn the principles of K. I. SHORTHAND in 5 hours of spare time—after which acquire speed rapidly.

This is the perfected, QUICK, EASY METHOD if you wish to know how fast it is possible to write by K. I. Shorthand,

ask somebody to read this whole advertisement rapidly within three minutes by your watch. Thus you'll realize the speed with which you should write after pleasant practice. SIMPLIFIED STENOGRAPHY.

FREE BOOK

Hindrances of old systems eliminated; no shading; no bother about positions on, over or under ruled lines—and you can read your own notes readily after months or years. Hence K. I. Shorthand is valuable for private notes, messages, etc.

K. I. Shorthand can be learned so quickly and easily that it is like a pastime. A SCORE OF DIFFERENT USES. Use it for taking dictation, telephone messages, notes, lectures, speeches, conferences, lessons, evidence. For making rapid reports while working problems, confidential diary or men's records, etc. Let K. I. Shorthand prepare you to walk with Opportunity through the Door to Success!

We give you a complete correspondence course. One tenth the usual cost, ten times easier to learn.

You'll be surprised and delighted with the speed of SIMPLIFIED STENOGRAPHY.

Write for FREE BROCHURE with convincing testimonials to show that ours is a practical method with which you can make a SUCCESS. Do not miss this opportunity of a lifetime. To learn K. I. Shorthand will add to your efficiency and earning ability, also to the pleasure of your life. Write, or use coupon below, for free Brochure. Mention this newspaper. Address:

KING INSTITUTE

154 East 32nd Street, New York, N. Y.

KING INSTITUTE. Send me your FREE BROCHURE.

Name

Address

EE-103



"Talk as fast as you can. I am taking K. I. Shorthand."

MOUSTACHE

To accelerate the growth of a Moustache use KOTALKO. A small box will be mailed for 25 cents; a large box, for \$1.00. Postpaid in plain package. Cash or stamps. John Hart Brittain, 150 East 32d St., (BC-103, New York, N. Y.)



WONDERFUL Books Free to YOU!

Whether you believe in fortune telling or that your dreams each have a meaning, you certainly are interested in seeing what is said in these books. The **PEERLESS FORTUNE TELLER** gives information about forecasting the future according to the lines of the hand, revelation by tea cups, methods of prophesying through cards, astrology and data about lucky months, days, etc. Numbers that should win for you. Good and bad signs. Ladies' oracle. Surprising secrets. **THE DREAM BOOK** is full of peculiar interpretations. Examples: if you dream of a postman it means you will have tidings from someone at a distance. If you see a lighthouse in your sleep it means a peaceful life. To shed tears in your dream does not mean coming sorrow—but happiness! And so on—a multitude of definitions for dreams of all kinds. **TWO VOLUMES FOR YOU.** These are well printed books, cloth bound, with attractive covers. We offer this set of two volumes, packed together, by parcel post, **FREE TO YOU**, if you send only 70 cents for 8 packets of **MARVEL MENDER**, one of the most valuable commodities that can be possessed in the home, which your friends should eagerly buy and thank you for giving them the chance! So remember, you get enough Marvel Mender to sell for cost, also have one packet for yourself, and the two bound books **FREE** by advancing only 70 cents now! Postage stamps accepted. Address:



FREE

Albro Society, Inc. AC-103 Station F New York

LEARN TO DRAW

Copy this sketch! If YOU CAN copy this drawing 40% as good as the reproduction herewith shown, you will receive a correspondence Tuition Certificate valued \$10.00 as specified on the voucher for either Cartooning, Comic Drawing, Newspaper and Magazine Illustrating or Commercial Illustrating. The lessons are given by mail, by the widely known Associated Art Studios of New York City.

This is the oldest, largest and most successful practical art school of the kind in America. Our long list of successful students will convince you on this point. Don't hesitate about sending in your name and work. The crudest work often indicates exceptionally promising talent.

Our instruction covers all branches of art work. You can take the combination course covering all of these separate branches or you can specialize on any one or more branches as you may desire.

Hundreds of young men and women are now earning the salaries as successful artists after following our plan of practical training. We have large personal classes during the day and evening at our studios and have students all through America and in many foreign countries taking our Home-Study Courses of Instruction.

School endorsed by the leading newspapers, magazines and famous artists. Send your drawing in at once; don't wait, as these scholarship certificates are limited.

Write your name, age and address plainly on back of drawing that you send, and address it to

ASSOCIATED ART STUDIOS, DEPT. SS, FLATIRON BLDG, NEW YORK, N. Y.



Cigarette Habit

How to Overcome It Quickly and Easily

Unless you have been exceptionally careful the cigarette habit has a hold which you cannot shake off by will power.

The lure of the cigarette is powerful. Is it the nicotine that is poisoning your system, making you nervous, heart weak, dyspeptic, eye strained and irritable?

Are you troubled with sleeplessness at night and dullness in the morning until you have doped yourself with the nicotine of cigarettes or pipe, or chewing tobacco? They're all the same, you know.

Give your poison-saturated body, from your pale yellowish skin right into your pale yellowish

liver, a chance to be free from the mean slavery of nicotine.

Get rid of the vicious habit. Lengthen your life. Become contented and spread happiness among others. Enjoy tranquillity combined with forceful thought and real efficiency.

I know what will conquer the tobacco habit in three days. You gain the victory completely and privately at home.

My new book will be very interesting to you. It will come to you in a plain wrapper, free, postpaid. You will be surprised and delighted if you write to Edward J. Woods, WT-103, Station F, New York, N. Y.

Finds Cure For Rheumatism After Suffering 50 Years

Now 83 Years Old
—Regains Strength
and laughs at
"URIC ACID"

Goes Fishing;
Back to Business,
Feels Fine! How
Others May
Do It!



"I am eighty-three years old and I doctor for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army over fifty years ago. Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures,' and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Mr. Ashelman is only one of thousands who suffered for years, owing to the general belief in the old, false theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism. This erroneous belief induced him and legions of unfortunate men and women to take wrong treatments. You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as to try and get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints, by taking treatment supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. Many physicians and scientists now know that Uric Acid never did, never can and never will cause rheumatism; that it is a natural and necessary constituent of the blood; that it is found in every new-born babe, and that without it we could not live!

HOW OTHERS MAY BENEFIT FROM A GENEROUS GIFT.

These statements may seem strange to some folks, because nearly all sufferers have all along been led to believe in the old "Uric Acid" humbug. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out this truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders and, recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," a remarkable book that is now being distributed free by any authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this particular trouble. If any reader of the "Toussie's Weeklies" wishes a copy of this book that reveals startling facts overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a post-card or letter to H. P. Clearwater, 534 Water street, Hallowell, Maine, and it will be sent by return mail without any charge whatever. Send now. You may never get this opportunity again. If not a sufferer yourself, hand this good news to some friend who may be afflicted.



September Morn Ring—Free

The beautiful raised figure of the young girl is a wonderful reproduction in metal of the original painting. The background is hard enameled in two colors to represent sea and sky. Ring is made of "Everbright Silver" warranted five years. We send it your correct size, for only 12c to help pay advertising.

THE AUCTION CO., Dept. C Attleboro, Mass.



COME TO THE "MOVIES"

At My House—To-night
50,000 Boys Made Happy

Read These Letters From Happy Boys:

Shows Clear Pictures

I have been very slow in sending you an answer. I received my Moving Picture Machine a few weeks ago and I think it is a dandy, and it shows the pictures clear just as you said it would. I am very proud of it. I thank you very much for it and I am glad to have it. I gave an entertainment two days after I got it. Leopold Lamontagne, 64 Summer Ave., Central Falls, R. I.

Sold His for \$10.00 and Ordered Another

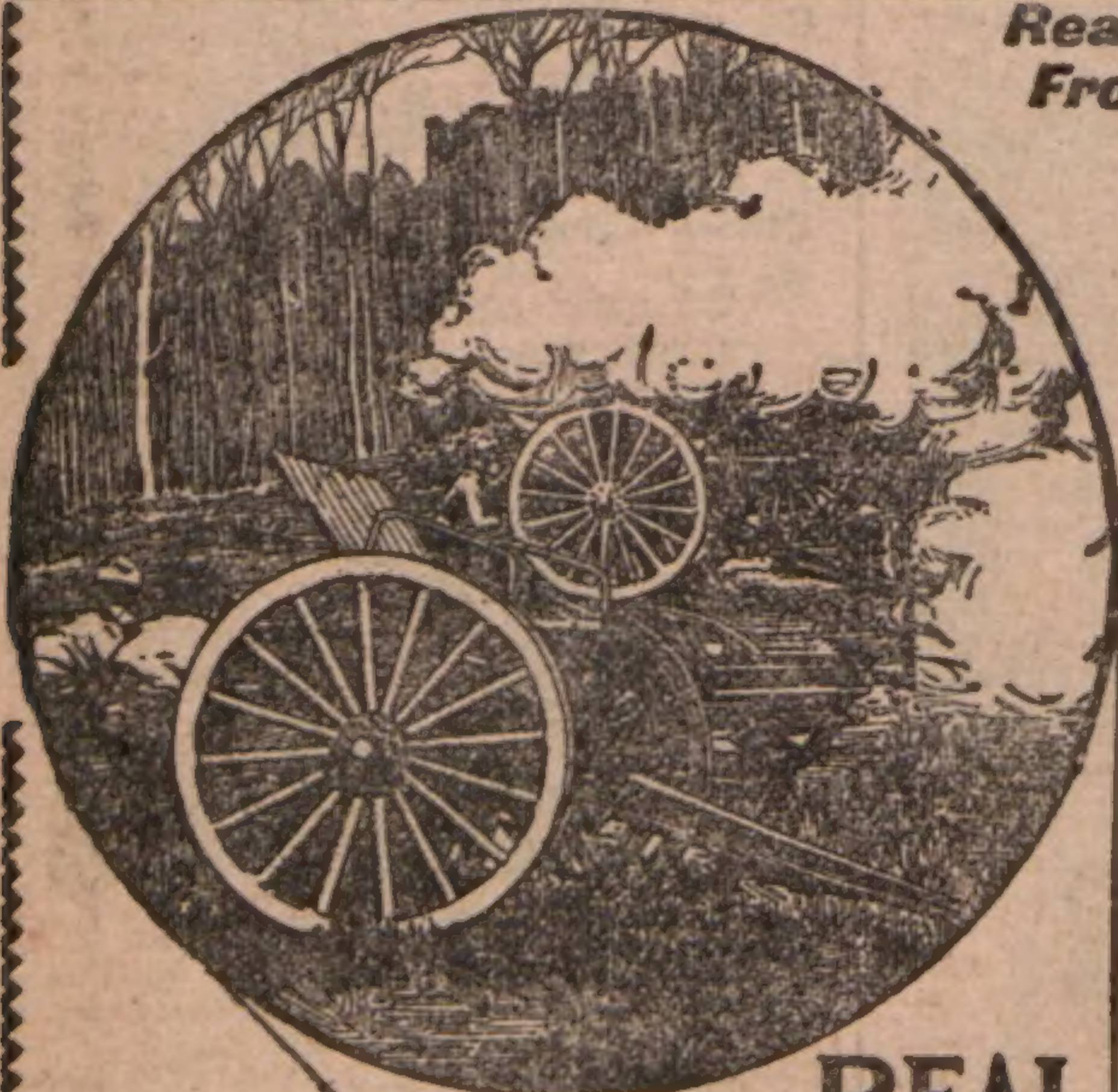
Some time ago I got one of your Machines and I am very much pleased with it. After working it for about a month I sold it for \$10.00 to a friend of mine. He has it and entertains his family nightly. I have now decided to get another one of your machines. Michael Ebereth, Mandan, N. Dak.

Would Not Give Away for \$25.00

My Moving Picture Machine is a good one and I would not give it away for \$25.00. It's the best machine I ever had and I wish everybody could have one. Addie Braskey, Jeanesville, Pa. Box 24.

Better Than a \$12.00 Machine

I am slow about turning in my thanks to you, but my Moving Picture Machine is all right. I have had it a long time and it has not been broken yet. I have seen a \$12.00 Machine but would not swap mine for it. Robert Lineberry, care of Revolution Store, Greenboro, N. C.



**A Real
Moving
Picture
Show in
Your Own Home**

REAL MOVING PICTURES

Remember, this is a Genuine Moving Picture Machine and the motion pictures are clear, sharp and distinct.

The Moving Picture Machine is finely constructed, and carefully put together by skilled workmen. It is made of Russian Metal, has a beautiful finish, and is operated by a finely constructed mechanism, consisting of an eight wheel movement, etc. The projecting lenses are carefully ground and adjusted, triple polished, standard double extra reflector, throwing a ray of light many feet, and enlarging the picture on the screen up to three or four feet in area. The light is produced by a safety carbide generator, such as is used on the largest automobiles. This throws a dazzling white light of 500 candle-power on the screen.

It is not a toy; it is a solidly constructed and durable Moving Picture Machine. The mechanism is exceedingly simple and is readily operated by the most inexperienced. The pictures shown by this marvelous Moving Picture Machine are not the common, crude and lifeless Magic Lantern variety, but are life-like photographic reproductions of actual scenes, places and people, which never tire its audiences. This Moving Picture Machine has caused a rousing enthusiasm wherever it is used.

This Moving Picture Machine which I want to send you FREE, gives clear and life-like Moving Pictures as are shown at any regular Moving Picture show. It flashes moving pictures on the sheet before you. This Machine and Box of Film are FREE—absolutely free to every boy in this land who wants to write for an Outfit, free to girls and free to older people. Read MY OFFER below, which shows you how to get this Marvelous Machine.

How You Can Get This Great Moving Picture Machine—Read My Wonderful Offer to You

HERE IS what you are to do in order to get this amazing Moving Picture Machine and the real Moving Pictures: Send your name and address—that is all. Write name and address very plainly. Mail to-day. As soon as I receive it I will mail you 20 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering colors. These pictures are printed in many colors and among the titles are such subjects as "Betsy Ross Making the First American Flag"—"Washington at Home"—"Battle of Lake Erie," etc. I want you to distribute these premium pictures on a special 25-cent offer among the people you know. When you have distributed the 20 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected \$5.00. Send the \$5.00 to me and I will immediately send you FREE the Moving Picture Machine with complete Outfit and the Box of Film.

50,000 of these machines have made 50,000 boys happy. Answer at once. Be the first in your town to get one.

M. DOONAN, Secy.,
615 W. 43d Street, Dept. 275 New York

**PLEASE
USE
COUPON**



Free Coupon

Good for Moving Picture Offer
Simply cut out this Free Coupon, pin it to a sheet of paper, mail to me with your name and address written plainly, and I will send you the 20 Pictures at once. Address

M. DOONAN, Secy.,
615 W. 43d St., Dept. 275. New York

He Quit Cigarettes

Gained Over 30 Pounds



Mr. Ferguson's Experience

"I smoked cigarettes ever since a boy. From six to eight sacks of tobacco, I used weekly.

"They were doing me great harm. I became so nervous that I couldn't sleep until I smoked. Each morning I had an awful taste in my mouth.

"Several times I tried to quit by will-power, but it just seemed that I would go wild if I couldn't have cigarettes.

"I had almost given up hope of ever quitting until one day I sent for a book that told me what to do. After learning the way, I quit easily in 3 days and haven't touched a cigarette in years. I have gained over 30 pounds and cannot praise the method too highly. I say to every cigarette smoker—if you can't quit without help let Mr. Woods help you quit quickly and happily."—so says Mr. S. H. Ferguson of Crumps Park.

The foregoing remarks are like those of many other men who have been freed from the habit of smoking cigarettes, pipe or cigars or who have been chewing tobacco excessively.

Write at once to Mr. Edw. J. Woods, WC-103 Station F. New York, N. Y., and get his book. It is free; postpaid to you. Cut this out and show others.



ONLY
FOR BOY SCOUTS
FOR HUNTERS
35 cents
BATES GUN CO., Dept. 5

HUNTING KNIFE AND SHEATH. Best forged steel, tempered, ground and polished. Bowie point, 4-inch blade; strong metal handle to meet the rugged use of woods or camp. Sheath made of strong leather, with slotted tang to carry on belt. Long Blade, this is the biggest bargain you ever saw. Price 35 cents post paid. Catalog Free. MELROSE, MASS.

Do You Expect to Join the Colors?

Here's Private Advice

Young men who join the Army or Navy and who know stenography are usually given better and quicker advancement, for this knowledge is valuable at the present time. The Government is needing thousands of stenographers.

With K. I. Shorthand you can become proficient by home study more rapidly than by any other system. A young man who learned K. I. Shorthand soon became able to write over 100 words a minute, average, and is of great value to the Naval service at the Submarine Base, New London, on the Long Island coast. Numerous other similar reports. Read the advertisement.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

—LATEST ISSUES—

- 631 Fox & Day, Brokers; or, The Young Money Makers of Wall Street.
632 Banker Barry's Boy; or, Gathering the Dollars In Wall Street.
633 In the Land of Gold; or, The Young Castaways of the Mystic Isle.
634 Eastman & Co., Stocks and Bonds; or, The Twin Boy Brokers of Wall Street.
635 The Little Wizard; or, The Success of a Young Inventor.
636 After the Golden Eagles; or, A Lucky Young Wall Street Broker.
637 A Lucky Lad; or, The Boy Who Made a Railroad Pay.
638 Too Good to Last; or, Six Months In the Wall Street Money Market.
639 Dick, the Boy Lawyer; or, Winning a Big Fee.
640 Broker Dexter's New Boy; or, A Young Innocent In Wall Street.
641 From Mill to Millions; or, The Poor Boy Who Became a Steel Magnate.
642 Three Game Speculators; or, The Wall Street Boys' Syndicate.
643 A Stroke of Luck; or, The Boy Who Made Money In Oil.
644 Little Hal, the Boy Trader; or, Picking Up Money In Wall Street.
645 On the Gold Coast; or, The Treasure of the Stranded Ship.
646 Lured by the Market; or, A Boy's Big Deal In Wall Street.
647 Trading Tom; or, The Boy Who Bought Everything.
648 Favored by Fortune; or, The Youngest Firm In Wall Street.

- 649 Jack Jasper's Venture; or, A Canal Route to Fortune.
650 After Big Money; or, Turning the Tables On the Wall Street Brokers.
651 A Young Lumber King; or, The Boy Who Worked His Way Up.
652 Ralph Roy's Riches; or, A Smart Boy's Run of Wall Street Luck.
653 A Castaway's Fortune; or, The Hunt for a Pirate's Gold.
654 The Little Money Maker; or, The Wall Street Boy Who Saved the Market.
655 Fough and Ready Dick; or, A Young Express Agent's Luck.
656 Tipped Off by Telegraph; or, Shaking Up the Wall Street "Bears."
657 The Boy Builder; or, The Rise of a Young Mason.
658 Marty, the Messenger; or, Capturing Coin In Wall Street.
659 The Stolen Bank Note; or, The Career of a Boy Merchant.
660 Digging Up Dollars; or, The Nerve of a Young "Bull" Operator.
661 A Runaway Boy; or, The Buried Treasure of the Incas.
662 The Old Broker's Heir; or, The Boy Who Won In Wall Street.
663 From Farm to Fortune; or, The Boy Who Made Money In Land.
664 Ragged Rob of Wall Street; or, \$50,000 from a Dime.
665 The Boy Railroad Magnate; or, The Contract That Brought a Million.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 6 cents, per copy in money or postage stamps, by
HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, - - - - - 166 West 23d St., New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of these weeklies and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from the publishers direct. Write out and fill in your Order and send it with the price of the weeklies you want, and the weeklies will be sent to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

OUR TEN-CENT HAND BOOKS

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A.M., M.D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 47. **HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.**—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

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No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—Giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 53. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.**—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to.

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No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated.

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No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennet. Fully illustrated.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—The most original joke book ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated.

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No. 68. **HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.**—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. **HOW TO DO SLEIGHT-OF-HAND.**—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated.

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No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover, containing a half-tone photo of the author.

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No. 82. **HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.**—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key of telling characters by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S. Fully illustrated.

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